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NOTES OF TRAVEL.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE

JOURNALS OF COUNT MOLTKE.

LONDON:
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——Or sù, chè 'l giorno è giunto
Che comprender potrei quanto fui bella.
(Fazio degli Uberti.)

I paesi malsani diventano sani per una moltitudine di uomini che ad un tratto gli occupi.
(Macchiavelli.)

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

ANY intelligent person of historical tastes who within the last few years has visited the Campagna of Rome, the most renowned plain in the world, has certainly taken with him the two maps which were published in 1852 and 1859, and which are not even now obsolete.* The

* Carta Topografica di Roma e dei suoi contorni fino alla distanza di dieci miglia fuori le mura, indicante tutti i siti ed edifizii moderni ed i ruderi antichi ivi esistenti. Eseguita coll' appoggio delle osservazioni astronomiche e per mezzo della mensola delineata sulla proporzione di 1 : 25,000 dal Barone di Moltke, Ajutante in campo di S. A. Reale il Principe Enrico di Prussia a Roma negli anni 1845–6. Berlino, presso Simone, Schropp e Co., 1852.

Carta Topografica dei Contorni di Roma, ridotta alla

earlier map, in two sheets, delineates such places as Veii, Fidenæ, Mons Sacer, etc., in which boys are scarcely less interested than in the fate of Troy. The later map, on a smaller scale, is a charming coloured plate, illustrating the form of the ground, and to some extent the appearance of this remarkable district, which may still have a future in store for it.

Pius IX., in 1863, and the General Staff of Italy, in 1876, have issued, on the basis of an official survey, topographical works for which we must all be grateful.* On account of its special characteristics, however, the German publication commends itself to the traveller, even when compared with those of later date.

mezza scala della pianta levata in 1845 e 1846 per il Barone di Moltke, &c., 1:5000. Berlino presso S. Schropp (L. Beringuier), 1859.

* Card. Bofondi: Carta Topografica di Roma e Comarca, disegnata ed incisa nell' officio del censo, alla scala di 1:8000, l'anno xvii. del Pontificato di Nostro Signore Papa Pio IX.

Carta Topografica dei Dintorni di Roma in 9 foglie, estesa fino a chilom. 11,250 all' O. e all' E. e chilom. 9,375 al N. e al S. Questa carta è una riduzione e trasformazione dei rilievi regolari, eseguiti negli anni 1872-3-4, dagli Impiegati dell' Instituto topografico militare.

This publication was the work of our great strategist, who, in the years 1845–6, availed himself of the leisure afforded by his position as aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia, for the peaceful conquest of a desert hitherto unexplored from the scientific point of view. There was, as he tells us, at that time "no plan extant, based on an actual survey of the ground. A host of able young artists have given us excellent pictures of the lonely magnificence of the Campagna; learned books have been written on the streets and ruins of Rome, but no one has made use of instruments of mensuration, in order to give an exact plan of its site. Two base lines in the plains near Rome have, however, been taken, with sufficient accuracy, at different times: the first by the Jesuits Mayer and Boscowitch, on the earlier Appian Way, for the considerable extent of almost nine and a half miles; the second by the astronomers Conti and Calandrelli, on the road going north from the gate of S. Angelo towards the Milvian Bridge, as far as this road goes in a direct line, for a distance of 1182 yards. On this base line the two points of the cupola of S. Peter's, and the

'Casino dell Aurora in Villa Ludovici' were established, and the distance of both was found to be about 3804·637 geometrical paces. Throughout the Papal States a number of points were also astronomically fixed by the Roman College."

Baron von Moltke came to Rome late in the autumn of 1845. It was not long before he discovered defects in the maps made by the meritorious efforts of Westphal; as well as in those made before his time by Sickler, and subsequently by Canina, Sir William Gell, and Nibby; and, as early as the month of February, 1846, we find him actively exploring the country round Rome.*

* G. E. Westphal: "Carta Topografica della parte più interessante della Campagna di Roma," published with descriptions at Rome, 1827, scale 1 : 60,000. G. E. Westphal: "Contorni di Roma Moderna." Berlin, 1821. Scale 1 : 2,100,000. Moltke writes "that Westphal lived at Rome in very narrow circumstances. . . . Endowed with classical culture, great zeal, and an unwearied love of travelling, he was, in spite of his poverty, able to publish a work of real value." Moltke praises the care with which the site of special localities is defined in both maps. "The relative position of the most con-

The terminal points of the base lines which had been taken could no longer be definitely ascertained, and the sites which had been fixed by astronomical observation were, with the exception of the observatory of the Roman College, and the cupola of S. Peter's, beyond the limits of this detailed survey. On the base line of the S. Angelo Gate, however, the points of Casino dell' Aurora at the Villa Ludovici, of the Cross of S. Peter, and of the centre of the Loggia in the Vigna Negroni, were accurately measured with the aid of trigonometrical triangulation.

The distance between the two aforesaid points, estimated by Westphal at 3133·333 yards, serves as the base of the survey, and the site of Vigna Negroni and the Roman College,

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spicuous objects in the neighbourhood was verified by the conscientious use of the sextant, from sites astronomically fixed, and others were defined as accurately as possible by the chronometer. . . . The unwearied traveller obtained little reward for his labour. The survey taken under a burning sun, and often on a pestilential soil, in a district so devoid of shelter and protection, excited the greatest interest, but wore out his vigorous constitution. When Westphal ended his laborious life he had scarcely received any recognition of the service he had performed."

which was calculated by geometry, agrees with that which was ascertained by the methods of trigonometry and astronomy. From these points it was easy to lay down a very complete triangulation of all the more conspicuous objects round the city, and this could be extended with sufficient accuracy to the limits of the proposed survey. The points which were of the greatest use for this purpose, on account of the wide and open view, were S. Peter's, the terrace on Monte Pincio; S. Peter's, Montorio; the cross on Monte Testaccio, and the top of the Capitol. Outside the city were Villa Mellini, some sheds on the hills near Antemnæ, the flat roof of Villa Patrizi, the tower of Casale dei Pazzi, and Tor di Schiavi. Among the objects which were visible, but scarcely admitted of representation, were the pines on Monte Mario, two pines near Buon Ricovero, Tor del Quinto, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the gable of San Paolo, and the tower to the south of Porta Furba by the aqueduct of Claudius.

The scale of 1 : 25,000, the same used in the ordnance survey of the Prussian government, was selected for the survey. The magnetic

pole was used for orientation. The fixed points which had been obtained were assigned to nine surveying sheets, each representing the area of nearly a square mile. The old city wall of Rome was marked out on the centre sheet, and the points requisite for orientation were defined within these limits. The streets, squares, and detached buildings could be introduced into the plate, by the simple process of reduction to the planes already obtained. It was, however, a somewhat arduous undertaking to represent the ground which is occupied by the so-called seven hills, since the view is intercepted by houses and gardens, and terraces, often of considerable height, broke their natural connection.

The perfect accuracy of an ordnance map was not the aim of this undertaking, but only that of a sketch map which should guide a traveller through the Campagna, and lead him to visit such places as were historically interesting. Triangulation and a detailed survey were effected by means of a very light plane table, and a compass fixed on the diopter. From the numerous fixed points laid down, the intervening objects were near enough to be ascer-

tained with sufficient accuracy by means of the simple instrument we have described, and its use could be supplemented by pacing the distance. The time was so short that only the simplest process could be employed.

In this way more than half the survey was accomplished by the beginning of June, when a temperature of 99° Fahrenheit in the shade compelled Moltke to discontinue the work.

The reduced ordnance map, well executed by Cardinal Falzacappa, was now first seen by the learned soldier.* The results which had been obtained up to this time were now laid before some scientific and influential men, who were

* Card. G. Falzacappa: Carta Topografica del Suburbano di Roma, desunta dalle mappe del nuovo censimento e trigonometricamente delineata nella proporzione di 1 : 15,000 nell' anno 1839. Two sheets. Moltke writes that "these maps only include the city and surrounding hills. The nature of the ground within these limits is, as is generally the case in ordnance maps, imperfectly represented, and the heights are only indicated in the case of the more abrupt slopes. The delineation of properties, and of the boundaries of the several vineyards and holdings, was the real object of this valuable work. . . . The execution of the plates leaves much to be desired."

interested in the subject. The members of the Roman College were very ready to communicate to Moltke the sites which had been astronomically determined, and Monsignor della Spada, at that time *Presidente degli Armi*, or war minister, placed the original ordnance survey at his disposal. Moltke began to hope that he should in course of time be able to extend his undertaking considerably, when a sad occurrence suddenly recalled him from Rome.*

"He returned to Rome in the beginning of August, and the greatest exertion was necessary, during a most unfavourable season, in order that the field-work might at any rate be completed, although that of the draughtsman must be postponed. By September 20th, not only the original scheme was carried out, but the districts of Veii and the Allia, which are of such historical interest, were included. In the course of barely six months ten square miles had been surveyed." Major von Moltke, in the preface to the text-book of one of the maps,

* The death of Prince Henry, which Major von Moltke had to announce to the king, and he went to Berlin for this purpose.

from which these remarks are taken, adds that this fact should be taken into consideration in forming a judgment on the maps.

There is a pencil note on the margin of a sheet which had been joyfully begun to the following effect: "To be continued *ad calendas græcas.*" Nothing therefore remains for us but to give up the intention of chronicling the completion of Moltke's works at Rome. And yet we think that our countrymen should not lose the pleasure and instruction to be derived from yellowing pages of manuscript which have long been laid aside. Italy, also, is entitled to hear the demand enforced by Moltke which her statesmen and noblest citizens have never ceased to make.* Of late the same demand has been

* In the number of her noblest citizens we may also reckon Alfred von Reumont, who in his paper "Della Campagna di Roma" (1842), and afterwards in his History of Rome, is entitled to the credit of indicating the ways and means by which its former salubrity might be restored, while he deprecates fanciful suggestions and remedies. Two circumstances which have lately occurred render the task much less difficult: the abrogation of the old law of inheritance, and the introduction of that remarkable tree, *Eucalyptus Globulus*, to which Algiers and the south of France owe so much.

revived by the inhabitants themselves, namely, the repopulation of the Campagna by agricultural labourers.*

The cheerful spirit in which the Prussian major entered on his historical and topographical labours may be gathered from the concluding words of the following extract :—

"The author has been richly rewarded for the arduousness of his undertaking by the pleasure it has given him. He hopes that the survey may be useful to others, and that some one may be found to follow his example, possessed of equal zeal and greater capacity and leisure, who will extend the plan as far as the Alban Hills and the mouth of the Tiber. To you, my unknown follower, I predict great

* In the first decade of this century Prince Ruspigliosi offered a tract of land belonging to him at Zagarolo to be leased in small holdings to the inhabitants. They joyfully responded to the appeal—the barren pastures were embellished by cultivation and became more healthy. But apparently no one followed his example—the ever extending zones of rich and health-bringing culture, from the city on the one side and the Alban hills on the other, of which so many have dreamed, remain still a vision only.

pleasure in working in that glorious country. It is indeed a delightful sensation to pass through the still sleeping city in the early morning, and beyond the narrow garden walls into the free, open plains, there to begin the day's work with renewed vigour. An elevated position is chosen, in order that the bearings may be taken, and while the needle oscillates, the eye can range over the splendid panorama. Profound stillness prevails in that lonely district, and not even the sound of the three hundred and sixty church bells on the seven hills of Rome reaches the ear. There is no house nor man visible; only brightly coloured lizards on the old ruined walls watch the beginning of the work with their quick eyes, and then dart hastily away. The sun's bright disk now rises above the Sabine Hills, and a soft rustle whispers through the broad pine-tops. The outlines of objects at the distance of fourteen to eighteen miles are clearly seen, and so are the villas which skirt the woody heights of Frascati, and the dazzling sails upon the dark blue sea. But work presses, and the country must be regarded for its physical conformation,

not for its picturesque effect. It is necessary to pass from rocky ravines and broad pastures to wooded hills and bare peaks. From each of these the beautiful landscape takes a new form, and the survey compels the soil to reveal the secret of its beauties.

"There is, however, no lack of trouble and difficulty. The guide, whose strength is not sustained by the same interests as his employer, has for a long while inwardly cursed *il brutto suo mestiere.* His lagging pace suddenly reminds the surveyor that eight or nine working hours have slipped by imperceptibly. A carriage has been appointed at a spot which is perhaps still four and a half miles away; for in surveying, as in hunting, a man seldom knows exactly where his steps will lead him. The sun's rays are scorching, and a brook is nowhere to be found to quench a raging thirst. The surveyor must retrace his steps in a direct line, which leads to one of the extensive pastures, on which there are herds of oxen. The huge silver-grey creatures inquisitively lift their wide horns, and then the whole troop makes a rush, shaking the earth as they come. It is necessary to pause, and scare them

with an open umbrella; but when the traveller continues to retreat, they follow with heavy and uncertain trot, and he is glad to be able to swing himself over the paling which divides one pasture from another.

"Sometimes there is real danger, when the half-wild dogs used for shepherding the flocks band together for a common attack; but the extraordinary number of snakes, some of them venomous, is still more unpleasant. They dart out of the dry grass under the feet of the wayfarer, and hang in the brushwood through which he must push his way. It is necessary to wear high and heavy boots, which become very fatiguing in rough walking. With torn clothes and wounded feet, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, the traveller reaches home; but if he has discovered a tomb, an inscription, the shaft of a pillar, or a fragment of lava-plaster, of which there is no record in maps or guide-books, he goes on his way, rejoicing in the acquisition."

The introduction to Moltke's unfinished work on the neighbourhood of Rome was as follows:

Historical events acquire a special charm,

when we are acquainted with the locality in which they occurred. They are presented in the most vivid colours to the imagination of one who finds himself on the very spot; and just as we take a livelier interest in the fate of a man whose features we know, so the events of past time are more deeply impressed on the memory when we have seen their local conditions. History and geography supplement each other like the conceptions of time and space.

The locality is a relic still remaining of an occurrence long since passed away. It is often the fossil bone from which the skeleton of the event can be reconstructed; and the image which history has handed down to us with half-blurred features is in this way more clearly revealed.

Thousands of years, which have overthrown the strongest buildings, do not indeed pass away without leaving their impress on Mother Earth, the greatest of all ruins. Cultivation levels her inequalities, forests disappear, brooks are dried up, and Tarpeïan rocks are modified into gentler slopes. But all this only alters, as we may say, the epidermis of our Alma Mater. without

changing her features beyond recognition. Cases in which the forces of nature have been powerfully at work, in which volcanoes and earthquakes, inundations and swamps, have changed the face of the earth within historical times, have occurred only in a limited and well-known area.

It can, however, be affirmed of many districts that they have remained virtually unchanged for thousands of years. The sea, in the continual movement of its waves, is presented to us in the same grand simplicity as it appeared of old to the Argonauts. The Bedouins bring their horses and camels to drink at the same springs, and pasture their herds on the same green plains, as in the days of Abraham and Mahomet. The tracts strewn with fragments of basalt in the district of the Middle Euphrates look as dreary to the traveller of to-day as they did to those who watched the confines of the Roman Empire, and many of the valleys round Jerusalem appear to us exactly as they appeared to the Saviour when He was on earth.

Therefore it is that events make places sacred. Hence the charm which lies in mere names. The barren hills of Bunar-baschi, and the bare,

sandy shore of Kumkaleh, would not long arrest the traveller's gaze, if he did not know that amid the first arose the walls of Pergamos, and that in the latter the Achaian ships were stranded. Even when research has shown the tradition to be mythical, it can generally be referred to a definite spot which the original narrator had in his eye. It may be doubted whether the Greeks ever besieged Ilium, but it is certain that the blind bard was intimately acquainted with the country lying to the east of the Dardanelles. Romulus and Herakles may themselves be purely mythical personages, but the tales told of them are true as far as the scene of their deeds is concerned. A narrative may be historically untrue, and yet perfectly accurate in its local colouring.

It is of importance in forming a critical judgment that an exact knowledge of the locality reduces the fanciful images of tradition to their real scale. In this way the earlier Roman history becomes intelligible through fables embellished by a spirit of patriotism. When we see the small area of the hills of Antemnæ and Fidenæ, and notice that they are divided from

the Palatine hills only by the distance of half a league, the march of armies with their booty and trophies is resolved into the raids made by peasants of two adjacent country towns. Yet who will find the beautiful descriptions of Livy and Plutarch less attractive on this account? The legend is connected with the reality, is founded on it, and the two tendencies of the mind—

"Der Durst nach Wahrheit und die Lust am Trug"
(The thirst for truth and the delight in deceit),

do not exclude each other. The task we have set before us is not to separate truth from fable, but to connect both with the very spot to which they refer.

Not everyone is able to derive pleasure and instruction from the contemplation of places of historical interest. In such cases representation must supply the place of reality. This will bring to the secluded homes of students knowledge which they can attain in no other way. But even to one more favoured by fortune, a guide to the country and its places of note will not be unwelcome, a guide who can put before him the

opinions of others, without interfering with those of the traveller himself.

It is in this sense that we submit the following sheets to cultivated rather than to learned readers, as a commentary on our survey of the neighbourhood of Rome. They contain no new discoveries within the range of history and criticism, but local characteristics, which have been carefully ascertained, are submitted to the judgment of inquirers. The representation is necessarily incomplete: a string of bright pebbles, arranged on the thread of a journey through a district of which the attractions are so great.

There is, indeed, scarcely a spot on the face of the globe in which so many and such great deeds have been performed, as that which is enclosed within the narrow limits of our map. It took Rome four hundred years to achieve the conquest of this plot of ground, and just the same period was subsequently needed in order to subdue the world. The earliest and noblest deeds of the Republic were wrought in the plains between Veii and the foot of the Alban hills. Most of them indeed fall within the sphere

of fable; for by the time real history begins, the enterprises of Rome extend far beyond these narrow limits. But all which she accomplished can be referred to the district in question. It was hence that the great roads radiated, which extended over hills and rivers, through woods and morasses, as far as the Rhine and the Euphrates. The remains of countless tombs mark their course in the neighbourhood of the mighty city. If the forests had at one time given place to arable land, yet, when the Empire was most flourishing, the fields almost wholly disappeared to make way for splendid villas and gardens, until at last, with the fall of the Empire, the whole was changed into a wide desert.

The seat of the Empire was transferred to the Bosphorus, and indeed Nature herself seems to have destined Byzantium to be the capital of the three continents of our hemisphere. Rome owed her greatness to her inhabitants; Constantinople to her position between two seas, and in the centre of the ancient mainland. Yet the influence of Rome, which had been achieved and maintained for the space of a thousand years, was so powerful that, by means of a new and

spiritual momentum, she arose again from almost incredible debasement to become a second time the metropolis of the world. Ranke observes that the dominion of Rome first aroused in mankind the sense of their common humanity. Through Rome nations first learned to grasp the conception of one universal God. The birth of Christ took place at this moment of the world's development. His life was obscure. Born of a conquered people, He had not where to lay His head. He spoke of God in parables to the fishermen, He healed the sick, and died the death of a malefactor. And yet no earthly life was purer, more exalted; and—even when considered from a temporal stand-point—there was nothing of greater moment than His wanderings, His teaching, and His death.

The two great apostles, Peter and Paul, soon turned their steps towards Rome, since she was the lever which moved the world. Their teaching was accepted by the poor, the weak, and the oppressed. Patient obedience and submission were the weapons of the believers; and the doctrine of humility prevailed over the army, the senate, and the emperor. Reverence for the

martyrs sprang from the catacombs, and the pillars and altars of the Olympian deities now adorned the temples of the one God. The image of Cæsar was removed from the temple to make room for those of the Saviour and His apostles; and the cross, the instrument of a shameful death, was exalted to become the emblem of victory and glory.

The Christian Church received its form from the Roman Empire. Rome became the centre of Christianity. There most of the martyrs had died, and the first thirty bishops succeeded each other, not only in office but in martyrdom. The emperors themselves required the establishment of a patriarchal authority, and when the Western Empire crumbled to pieces, the Christian Church was founded.

After Pepin had laid the keys of the conquered cities of Italy upon the altar of S. Peter's, temporal power was also granted to the popes. Centuries of subjection, dependence, and conflict followed, but from the time of Gregory VII. the Papacy was emancipated. In the thirteenth century its position was really magnificent. The papal legates went forth like Roman proconsuls,

and Italy and Germany obeyed them rather than the emperors. Spain was taken from the Moslem, and Russia from the heathen. The King of England received his kingdom as a loan from the pope, and hundreds of thousands went at his dictation to the Crusades.

But the good fortune of the *city* of Rome did not correspond to the splendid impulse given to the Papacy. Her internal weakness equalled her external strength. Rome was ever sinking lower throughout the middle ages. The complete downfall of the city seemed probable, since the dissolute nobility fought with each other, and with their spiritual sovereign. Ruins were heaped upon ruins, the streets disappeared, and the surrounding country became a desert. Even the air was pestilential. The popes themselves forsook Rome, as men flee from a falling house.

Sixtus V. ventured to found a new city amid the rubbish-heaps. A succession of distinguished men, who filled S. Peter's chair, continued the work, and attempted to rescue the country from becoming one vast desert and morass.

The changes which have passed over the city

and its neighbourhood have left deep and ineradicable traces. The ruins of one age remain amidst and above the ruins of another. The constructions of each age are for the most part destroyed: what they laid waste remains. Men in the middle ages used the monuments of antiquity for building materials, and yet the ruined city on the hills is even now larger than the modern city in Mars' Field. The life of modern Rome is unable to occupy more than a part of the area included within the wall of Honorius. Gardens and vineyards surround this nucleus to the extent of four and a half miles, and beyond this, as far as the foot of the hills, the country is a desert.

For this reason there is an indescribable charm in the lonely Roman Campagna. It is the abode of contrasts; a past abounding in life, and a present of profound stillness. The castle of the Gaetani cleaves to the tomb of Metella, and the cupola by Michael Angelo rises above Nero's circus. The tombs of the martyrs lie amid heathen columbaria, and modern roads pass through the arches of ancient aqueducts. Tasso's oak, blasted by lightning, stands

upon the hill on which Pyrrhus pitched his camp. Steamboats cleave the waters of the yellow Tiber, and railway trains will soon rush through the plains which witnessed triumphal processions.

The past on this plot of ground is so powerful as to drown the voice of the present. Every step beyond the gates of Rome brings us to some memorial of great events, but they belong to very different ages. A few steps take us from a battle-field of the Republic to some robber-castle of the middle ages, from the fountain of a river god to the chapel of a saint, and the interval which can be traversed in a few minutes is all which lies between places historically divided by centuries.

We shall give three more extracts from this valuable manuscript; first, concerning the result of Moltke's researches into the nature of the soil in the Campagna; secondly, on the earliest aspect of the country round Rome, when it was first inhabited; and, finally, on the climate.

I.

WITHOUT going too far in geological surmises, we may make the following suggestions as sufficiently probable.

The sea must at one time have rolled its waves over the whole plain which now bears the name of the Roman Campagna. Whole banks of oyster-shells, together with shells of other animals peculiar to salt-water, are to be found as high as the top of Monte Mario, one mile to the north of S. Peter's, 450 feet above the present sea-level. This hill, the highest near Rome, was at that time a sand-bank or shallow in the open sea, which flowed to the foot of the Apennine range, and the hills which ramify from it. The Tiber and the Teverone then flowed into the sea at Narni and Tivoli; Monte Soracte

and Monte Circeo, respectively 2330 and 2050 feet high, rose as islands out the waters, just as Capri and Ischia do at this day.

This was the state of things at the end of the secondary and at the beginning of the tertiary period. The marl, yellow sand, and gravel which are to be found in great quantities, and at a considerable height in the valleys, were deposited at that time. Some disturbance was caused by the volcanic agencies which have left their traces on the west coast of Italy, from Siena to Naples, and which is still at work in several places.

We need not discuss the point whether the general level of the sea has sunk, or the land has risen, owing to the expansion of gases; whether the eruption of a volcano threw up such masses of detritus as to transform it into dry land; or whether it was the effect of all these forces combined. But there can be no doubt that the first crater was opened in the sea. We shall presently adduce reasons for this assertion; we should naturally assume that the great expansion of gases first broke the earth-crust in its thinnest part, and therefore in those depressions which were covered by the sea.

The most ancient formation of the hills of the district is the secondary limestone, which is found exposed in huge masses of regular strata on the east of the Sabine, and on the north side of the Volscian hills. No exact measurement of the height of these hills has yet been made, but it can scarcely exceed from four thousand one hundred to five thousand one hundred and twenty feet. The limestone is free from veins of iron, and from any organic remains, and is of the same precipitous outline which we see in the southern Alps.

Together with the light grey limestone, sandstone was formed by the immediate action of the sea, and this constitutes the bulk of Monte Gianicolo, the range of hills on which the western wall of the city stands, with Monte Mario as its highest peak. Great part of this stone consists of fragments, which are observed to crop out of the adjacent limestone, and may have been broken off from it. All the other hills round Rome either show the displacement of the earlier limestone formations by the pressure of igneous masses, or are altogether of volcanic origin.

The hills of Tolfa and Alumiera, which bound the Campagna on the north, from Civita Vecchia to Viterbo, must be placed in the first category. The secondary limestone at the base of the southern slope of the hills is penetrated by dykes of trachyte, which have left deposits of gypsum intercalated between the rock-masses. The occurrence of alum appears to follow from the action of the trachyte, which displaced, and often completely isolated, the masses of limestone.

In addition to alum, these hills contain iron, lead, and zinc, but there is no trace of organic substances. Further to the north the summits of Monte Amiata and Monte Cimini consist of trachyte.

Although these volcanoes became extinct in pre-historic times, yet the traces of igneous action are numerous and evident. The whole group of the Alban hills forms a gigantic cone, with a crater which exceeds four and a half miles in diameter. This crater may have been filled up by the volcano itself, when a fresh cone, 513 feet higher, arose from its midst, of which the mouth, now also filled with detritus, forms the so-called

camp of Hannibal. The sides of this crater form, in Monte Cavo, the highest peak of the Alban hills, rising 3045 feet above the sea-level. This ridge, as well as that of the earlier and larger crater, slopes towards Grotta Ferrata, and thus forms the watershed. There was an eruption of two fresh volcanoes on the rampart of the earlier crater, which only remains intact on its northern and eastern sides. They can be plainly traced in the Alban Lake (*lago di Castello*), and the lake of Nemi. The surface of these lakes is respectively 940 and 1048 feet above the sea-level. The hills which enclose them are about 410 feet higher, and the water is probably of about the same depth. This rampart, which is abrupt and rocky on its inner side, has a gradual slope on its outer edge, and is so strongly built, and so uniform, that both lakes are now devoid of any outflow to the sea. It is, however, probable that there was at one time a subterranean outlet for the waters, which has been choked by an earthquake, or some other accidental cause. For the historical report of a dangerous rising in the waters of the Alban Lake has been handed down to our times. The

water rose almost to the brink of the crater, therefore more than 308 feet, and there was good reason to fear an overflow, or a still more fatal bursting of the embankment, which would have laid waste the plain, at that time so richly cultivated.

The plains, now dry, of Valle Aricina and Laghetto, enclosed by hills, stand out from the general range of the Alban Hills, as other volcanoes; and the lakes of Giuglianello, Gabii, and Regillo also belong to the main group. These small, deep-seated volcanoes have no special craters nor ramparts. It is probable that they were only active when covered by the sea, and that their detritus was washed away by its waves. It seems doubtful whether the craters of Agnani and Solfatara, at Tivoli, can be included among the volcanoes.

The origin of the important ring-shaped heights of Baccano and Bracciano is, on the other hand, not to be mistaken. The crater of the former volcano is filled with rubbish to its brim. The stream La Valca flows into the Tiber through its broken rampart on the south-east. As at Albano, it appears that there were

two subsequent eruptions, by which the craters of Straccia Cappa and Martignano, now filled with water, were opened in the original rampart. The crater of Bracciano, now filled by a circular lake, is much more important. It is almost of the same diameter as the main crater of the Alban volcano, and its rampart, which is broken on the side nearest Rome, rises to a height of more than 2056 feet. Lastly, the shape of Lago di Vico (seven miles to the south of Viterbo), shows that its origin was due to a volcanic eruption.

All these isolated groups of hills, which are of volcanic origin, can be distinguished at the first glance from the characteristic features of the earlier limestone formation. They do not display the abrupt, Alpine form, with deeply cleft valleys, and jagged ridges, and may be easily recognized by their conical shapes, with gentle slopes, which take the natural angles formed by a detritus of sand, ashes, and rubble. The real substance of these hills, lava and basalt, is seldom seen on the surface.

It is hardly possible to surmise at what periods the eruptions of all these volcanoes took place:

but that they occurred in succession, and at different times, is evident from the position of the lesser craters within the circle of the earlier ones. It is also clear that the continual eruptions of such a number of volcanoes within a comparatively limited space, must have had a great effect upon the district. Each of the two funnels of Albano and Bracciano is more than twice as wide as the original crater of Vesuvius, and it is not impossible that the whole of the surrounding country may have been reclaimed from the sea by the masses of rubbish thrown out, which dammed up the undulating plains now called the Campagna.

In fact, with the exception of the Pontine Marshes, the whole of the Campagna is formed chiefly of volcanic material, in which the more ancient formation only crops out in fragments. These volcanic materials may be divided into three classes—lava, peperin, and tuff.

Basaltic lava forms the real substance of the cone; it is hard, resonant, of a blue-black colour, and is found in large, solid masses. It almost always crops out at the base of the hill only, where the sea could wash away the accumulated

rubbish; and this is the case at the foot of the Alban Hills, at Regillus, and Bracciano. In the upper part of the hills, which was above the action of the waves, the lava is overlaid with heaps of rubbish. In the plains, also, it is seldom apparent. Its traces are most visible for the distance of seven miles from the *Osteria delle Fratochie* to the foot of the Alban hills, in the direction of the Appian Way, and they suddenly break off close to the tomb of Metella. The force of this stream of lava is exceptional. At the starting-point we have just mentioned, it was at least eighty-two feet thick, and at its termination it was thirty-one feet. The ridge of this mound, which can be easily traced, is covered with soil, and its sides are more or less abrupt. There are fragments of flint-stone in it, which was used by the ancients, as the most indestructible material, to make their roads.

There is another ridge of lava near Acqua Acetosa, on the left bank of the Tiber, seven miles to the south-west of Rome. It is so covered with soil that it is not so easy to define its extent. There must undoubtedly be other veins of lava in the Campagna, but they

have been quite concealed by later deposits of scoriæ. The high valley of Sacco between the Sabine, the Alban, and the Volscian Hills is filled throughout with volcanic masses, which may have been ejected from the great crater of Albano. Soracte, a limestone hill, which is from nine to thirteen and a half miles distant from the nearest volcanoes, rises out of the plain in a remarkable way. Here, as well as at Monte Fortino, the north-west spur of the Volscian range, the steep limestone rock rises in regular strata out of its volcanic environment, with no visible traces of subsequent disturbance, showing that it had assumed its present form before volcanic agencies were at work.

It must be observed that the lava only crops up in the plains in the large veins we have described, and is nowhere found in boulders. When we come on blocks of lava, it may be assumed that they have been brought there by the hands of men, and this is of importance in tracing the old Roman roads.

Peperin is of a grey colour, varying in depth; it is clear and shining, but of very unequal consistency when broken. Volcanic ash forms

the bulk of its substance, to which subterranean forces have added slag, fragments of basalt and of some of the earlier limestone crust in varying proportions. Falling at irregular intervals, this compound lay on the arid heights until, as time went on, it was hardened into a homogeneous mass by an unknown process, partly mechanical and partly chemical. In this way the peperin towered in great layers above the lava, after the latter had ceased to flow, and formed the craters and summits of the volcanic hills, which we now see.

Anyone who has to go up and down stairs in Rome can convince himself of the unequal consistency of peperin. The material is very cheap, but quite unfit for the purpose to which it is applied. While the softer substance very soon wears away, the harder fragments embedded in it stand out in sharp, angular projections.

The ancients made a better use of the material, *Lapis Albanus* and *Gabinus*, when they applied it to filling up the spaces between arches or in the substructures of bridges and aqueducts, where it may still be seen.

The same masses which were piled on the

summits of volcanoes were also diffused in enormous quantities over the plains, which were at that time still covered with water. The closer and consequently heavier materials necessarily sank through the lighter scoriæ to the bottom. These scoriæ constituted the tuff, which is a somewhat uniform substance, and it is only found exceptionally among the harder constituents of the peperin. The species of mussels also interspersed through it, show that the deposit took place, sometimes in the sea, and sometimes in stagnant fresh water.

The proportions of the constituents vary considerably. Some tuff is of a loose, brittle character, mixed with slag, limestone, and fragments of lava, somewhat of the nature of peperin: in this kind there are many traces of leaves and twigs, showing that it was probably formed on dry ground. Tuff is generally of a beautiful, brown colour, porous but unyielding, earthy when broken, and specifically lighter than peperin.

In the tuff we find the labyrinthine puzzolana caves, with winding passages which often extend for thousands of feet beneath the surface of the

earth. In these the early Christians found a refuge and hiding-place from oppression, in which they worshipped God, and buried their dead. Puzzolana earth, mixed with sand and lime, constitutes a substance which becomes perfectly hard when dry. The Romans made this material into bricks after pounding it in a mortar, and the Imperial buildings of shallow bricks, as well as the irregular walls of the middle ages, are partly made of this compound, which is harder than stone.

Finally the tuff, often mixed with pumice stone, forms the fertile soil of the Campagna. In this state, the tuff is the colour of dry leaves, it is very friable and readily absorbs moisture.

The tuff is often found in horizontal strata, divided by layers of mica, pumice, and soft ash. This stone is also found in a vertical or diagonal position, as if the mass had been displaced while it was solidifying. It is found in oblong pieces of varying size, which facilitates its use as a building material. Tuff was called *Saxum quadratum* by the ancients, and they made much use of it, both in the Cloaca Maxima, and in the wall of Servius Tullus.

The materials of the latter wall were used, under Aurelian and Honorius, for the city wall which is still extant, although it has been much patched with bricks. The original masonry may, however, be clearly seen in several places, especially by the Gate of San Lorenzo. The great blocks were afterwards hewn into lesser ones, as we see at S. Maria, Trastevere; and in the middle ages they were made into the form of bricks. The castles of Savelli on the Aventine, of the Gaetani at Capo di Bove, and some others, which cling like swallows' nests to the ancient ruins of earlier times, were built in the Moorish fashion of these tuff bricks.

Tuff is the prevailing stone throughout the Campagna, and we recognize its oblong shapes on a large scale even when the strata of the chief and subsidiary rocks are altogether displaced, as well as in the block-shaped form of the whole stratum. The tuff formation is most apparent in the perpendicular cliffs on the right bank of the Tiber which skirt the Flaminian Way, as far as the stream Valchetta. Tuff is also predominant on the road to Ardea, and in the hills on the left bank of the river, on the

site of ancient Rome. The most considerable quarries from which tuff was taken are at Monte Verde, to the south of the city, close to the temporary bridge across the Teverone, and near Tor Pignatara, by Porta Maggiore.

Tuff has even been found under the lava stream in the Appian Way. Where the old quarries come in contact with the lava, the tuff on the verge of the quarry is burnt brick-red. In this case the glowing heat of the fluid mass was so great that the sea could not at once extinguish it. Further back from the ridge it cooled down, and the tuff is unaltered in colour. An eruption of volcanic ash must therefore have taken place, probably from the great funnel of Albano, before the lava river issued, which followed the course of the later crater of Lago di Castello.

It was therefore in pre-historic times that, by the mighty yet temporary agency of volcanic forces, the upheaval of the Campagna from the sea took place. More tardy but persistent natural forces contributed to mould it to its present form. The modifications caused by fresh water must now be considered by us.

The streams which flowed from the Apen-

nines fell upon the Roman plains in splendid cascades. They bore with them in their course a rich material for the formation of stone, which is known under the name of travertin (*Lapis Tiburtinus*). Precipitous cliffs of travertin, a hundred feet high, skirt the roads on the left bank of the Tiber from Ponte Molle to Porta del Popolo: it is found again upon the city hills, and in enormous quantities on the plains of Tivoli.

This stone consists of carbonic acid and lime. The Anio, the Velino, and other tributaries carry with them to the Tiber a large amount of fine particles of lime from the rocks through which they flow. The carbon contained in the lime would only mix mechanically with the water unless the sulphurous gas and carbonic acid, of which there is a large proportion in these waters, chemically dissolved it. As soon as these gases escape, the particles of lime are precipitated, and form solid deposits. Since the escape of carbonic acid gas increases in proportion to the disturbance of the water, the singular fact ensues, that the deposit of travertin is greatest where the stream is most rapid. Not far from Tivoli are waters abounding in carbonic

acid gas—the Lago delle Isole Galeggianti, or Swimming Islands, with an artificial outlet to the Tiber. In order to keep the channel open, it is necessary to clean out the travertin every year, and this material is deposited in the largest quantities in that part of the channel furthest from the lake, where the fall is greatest and the water is most troubled.

The Velino, again, sends its waters through an artificial outlet with a fall of 1230 feet, and at the rate of ten feet in a second. Notwithstanding, or rather for this very reason, the passage can only be kept open by frequently clearing out the travertin. This is also the case with the Anio at Ponte Lupo. The vapour rising from the cascades sprinkles even the leaves and twigs of the adjacent trees with an incrustation of stone. The branches and grasses thus incrusted wholly disappear in course of ages, and only leave their mould. It is in this way that the reed-shaped and net-work objects near the waterfalls have their origin, the *confetti di Tivoli*, as they are called. Among others, visitors are shown the matrix of a perfect waggon-wheel, with nave, spokes and felly, taken from a travertin rock.

In quiet waters, the travertin forms compact, regular, and massive layers. The largest strata are found, as we have said, in the plains on the right bank of the Teverone, below Tivoli. Hence the excellent material was taken from which the mighty Coliseum, S. Peter's, San Paolo fuori le Mura, and the façades of most of the Roman palaces were built.

The formation of travertin is very homogeneous, with few foreign substances inserted in it. It is porous, but unyielding, of a yellowish grey colour, to which the lapse of time adds the beautiful ruddy or golden tint for which the ancient buildings are remarkable.

There is much less carbonic acid gas in the Tiber than in its tributaries. It is incapable of depositing travertin, and its rapid stream is troubled by a quantity of mud, which early entitled it to the name of the Yellow Tiber. The mud consists of sand, marl, and mica, which has covered Mars' Field, where modern Rome stands. On the seven hills we find not only the Tiber mud, but travertin, undoubtedly deposited by the mountain streams, and on summits from 133 to 134 feet above the

sea-level. We must also remember that Gianicolo and Monte Mario, with all their offsets, as far as Acqua Traversa, consist of sea-sand, gravel, and sandstone, with which many shells peculiar to salt water are mixed, and from this two facts are indisputably established: that the rivers once flowed over the tops of the seven hills, and that even the greatest heights near Rome were once covered by the sea.

It by no means follows from this that the sea-level was at any time 410 feet higher than it is now. Such a condition could not be partial, but must have included the whole circumference of the globe; and it is impossible that such an immense quantity of water should have disappeared. It is much more probable that the amount of water has been always the same, but that it was more evenly diffused over the surface of the earth. Volcanic forces drove the so-called ancient hills through the earlier limestone strata, or else the latter were heaved up in enormous masses, often without even disturbing the original order of their foundation. In this way the upheaval of Monte Mario may have taken place.

The gases, however, completely broke through the stratum of limestone in some places, hurled its fragments around, and covered them with lava and ashes. The mass which was ejected forms a volcanic stratum, of which the diameter may be estimated at from 100 to 125 feet: for this is the depth of all the wells which have been bored in the hills of Rome. The porous layer of tuff allows the moisture to trickle through, and water is only found when the shaft is carried down to the layer of sea marl and clay.

The streams meandered about these wide plains of rubbish, seeking an outlet of which they were often again deprived by scoriæ from fresh eruptions of the volcanoes. This gave rise to marshes, at heights which are far greater than is ever attained by inundations in our time, and in these the great layers of mud and travertin were formed. In this way mussels, which undoubtedly belong to stagnant fresh water, are found in places in which there could not possibly be a marsh according to the present formation of the valley; as in the instance, which has perplexed geologists, on the abrupt descent on the south-west face of Aventines.

In this way, again, the volcanic ash was deposited in the form of strata, which resemble that of a river. The unequal thickness of these layers, which are often divided by veins of pumice and mica, show by their gradual deposits that they arose from successive eruptions.

When these eruptions became less frequent, and at last ceased altogether, the Tiber wound through its present river-bed, in which the masses of scoriæ were still permeable, and are even now of very unequal hardness. It need not surprise us that a passage was effected by the river, to the depth of 103 to 154 feet, since its fall from its issue from the limestone hills to its mouth is very considerable. Its tributary, the Anio, had at that time a fall of nearly 615 feet in thirty-seven miles. The temple of the Sibyls at Tivoli is 612 feet above the sea-level, and this gave an average fall of eighty-two feet in four and a half miles. Since the Anio has washed away the masses of volcanic scoriæ at the foot of the limestone range, and has formed its beautiful cascade, this fall has necessarily been much diminished.

The materials we possess for sketching the

successive changes wrought in thousands of years, do not entitle us to give this as the only possible solution of the geological difficulties offered by the district round Rome; yet our suggestions may be taken as a not impossible, or perhaps a probable, explanation. A work by two learned men in Rome, Monsignore Medici Spada and Professor Ponzi, which is soon to appear, will doubtless shed fresh light on these matters.

We have now reached the point at which History, or at least her eldest sister, Myth, diffuses a glimmering of light. Since that date none of those great catastrophes of nature which altered the conformation of whole districts, have taken place. This alteration was not effected even by repeated earthquakes, the craters were quite extinct, and the general formation of travertin was complete. The wide valleys of the rivers had been carved out of the masses of rubbish in the Campagna, although the stream itself often changed its course. The grey peaks of the limestone hills which have witnessed all these changes still surround the scene in lofty grandeur, as they did of old. From the

accounts which have been handed down to us, we know that the form of the country has only been changed by the great inundations of the Tiber, which have taken place from time to time, and by the deposit of its mud. The traces of these inundations may still be seen as high as the capitals of the two pillars at the Porto di Ripetta, Rome.

In the year 1598 the level of the Tiber was raised in a very short time 33·3 feet. Not unfrequently it flooded all the gardens and vineyards between the foot of Monte Mario and the road leading to Ponte Molle, and even in 1846 water lay in the city itself as far as the Piazza di Spagna. Large boats plied upon the Corso, and Ponte Sisto was the only bridge which could be used. This rapid and formidable flooding of the Tiber is due to the formation of its river-bed. Both above and below Rome the width of the valley is, on an average, two miles and a quarter. But between the Aventine Hills and the southern slope of Gianicolo, the point to which the present city wall extends, the hills are within 833 yards of each other. Here the water necessarily gets dammed up,

when after heavy rain-falls on the hills, the Tiber, Nera, Velino, Anio, Paglia, and many other tributaries pour down their rapid streams. This must have been the case to a still greater degree at a time when the Tiber received the waters of the upper Arno, or at least a portion of them. It is historically certain that in ancient times the original course of the Arno was from north to south, through the almost level valley of Chiana. Strabo states that the greater part of its waters flowed by this way into the Paglia, and Tacitus speaks of a Florentine embassy which, in the year 17 B.C., protested before the senate against the design of leading the river through their city, according to its present course. In the middle ages, however, the Chiana Valley became so marshy that the Cassian Way, among others, wholly disappeared, the Arno made a new bed for itself through the *gola dell' imbuta*, and its former partition between Rome and Florence ceased.

The effect of the damming of the Tiber above Rome is plainly seen in the form of the Roman hills. Driven back by the high and precipitous hill Gianicolo, the stream eddied round the lower

left bank. This was formed by a uniform table-land, which towards the east slopes down to the Anio, in long, level valleys, while to the west it descends abruptly to the Tiber. Against this cliff the full force of the water was directed. The stream broke through it wherever the soil was not too rocky, and even where the resistance was the greatest. Only four of the famous seven hills are immediately connected with the table-land we have mentioned—the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, and Cœlius; the other three, the Capitol, Palatine, and Aventine Hills, have been detached from it.

In high floods the former hills must have stood out as promontories, and the latter as islands; for the enormous masses of rubbish which now fill the spaces between them did not then exist. The amount of this rubbish, which our fancy must remove in order to realize the earlier state of things, is immense. The level of Mars' Field, on which there were few dwellings in the times of the Empire, has been raised about fifteen feet, so that the whole bases of the Antonine columns are buried. Trajan's Forum, which has been excavated, is about twenty feet

below the modern street pavement. The floor of the Roman Forum with the Phocas columns is twenty-five feet lower than that of Campo Vaccino, and yet these pillars, as well as the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, rest on still earlier ruins. Enormous masses of rubbish fill up the depression between the Pincio and the Quirinal. In the valley between the latter hill and the Viminal an ancient pavement, forty feet below the modern street, has been discovered: there is another at the depth of twenty-one feet below the Aventine Hill and the Tiber, and near the pyramid of Cestius, part of the Via Ostiensis, twelve feet below the level of the modern pavement, has been exposed to view.

The hills themselves are piled with rubbish. In Villa Spada ruins of the imperial palaces cover the original summit to the height of about forty feet, and the Aventine Hill must have been raised to nearly the same extent. It is not improbable that at one time, when the Tiber was at its greatest height, it flowed in an easterly direction round the three detached hills. Varro expressly says that water divided Mount Aventine from the other hills, and that it was necessary to

pay for being ferried across. The brook Marrana, which now flows between Palatine and Aventine, cannot be intended, since it was probably diverted into the city after Agrippa's time, and it is in any case an artificial water-course.

A glance at the character of the ground shows that the natural formation of the valley had its origin near the Villa Santa Croce, to the south-east of the Lateran. The waters, which left the Curtian Lake behind them, even reached Velabrum Minus, the valley between the Capitol and the other hills, that most important site of public life, which included the Roman Forum. This lake was gradually choked with rubbish. The banks of the stream were raised with thick walls, yet in the time of Augustus the Forum was covered with water. According to Roman tradition it was Tarquinius Priscus who drained the Velabrum by making the Cloaca Maxima. The perfect form of the keystones employed in the arches of this remarkable building has suggested that it should be referred to a much earlier period in Roman history, which was, however, more advanced in the arts. We, however, only mention the Cloaca as a proof

that the Tiber, after carving its way through the volcanic plains, had its bed considerably raised by the deposit of mud, and thus became more liable to inundations.

It is only when the water is very low, that the outlet of the drain can be seen a little beyond Ponte Rotto. The average stream washes the key-stone of the arch. It is, however, quite unlikely that the accomplished builder should have made the bottom of the canal lower than the ordinary water-level, so that this level must have been raised about twenty feet.

The damming-up of the surface water took place in still later times. The rain water falling through the cupola of the Pantheon, which is open to the sky, sinks through openings in the marble pavement, into a drain, leading to the Tiber. At the present day, when the Tiber is full, the whole pavement in the building is flooded with water, which was certainly not the original condition of these baths. When we consider that the Tiber has only a fall of twenty feet between Rome and its mouth at Fiumicino, and that this fall can never have been much less, unless the stream

were to cease to flow, it is evident that the height of the dam could not have been great, probably not greater than the height of the arch of the Cloaca. Many a work of art may, indeed, lie buried in this layer of mud, and in the hope of lighting upon treasures, speculators have proposed to dredge it at their own expense.

If, notwithstanding the rise in the river-bed, the floods of the Tiber do not rise so high as they did in ancient times, this is due to the fact that the fall of the river has become less in its upper course, to the smaller amount of water received from its tributaries, and, above all, to the general rise of the soil at Rome, which is covered with millions of cubic feet of rubbish and ruins.

The most considerable deposit of mud takes place in the Tiber, as in all rivers, where it falls into the sea. Dionysius of Halicarnassus expressly says that this river, an exception to the rule, is not barred by any sand-bank. "For it discharges its waters through one mouth, and beats back the breakers of the sea. Neither does it wander through marsh and moor, by which rivers are sometimes choked." It was at that time navigable by river-boats almost to its

source, and large trading-vessels were towed up to Rome by oxen. The mouth of the Tiber was wide, and included great bays, which were equal to the best harbours. This description is precisely the opposite of its present condition. The harbour made by Ancus Martius is now 4998 yards from the coast. At Ostia, which once numbered 80,000 inhabitants, there are now little more than eighty souls. Even these, at the beginning of summer, escape from the exhalations of the marshes which surround them. Where the stream once flowed, we find the *fiume morto.* The Emperor Claudius caused a fresh outlet to be made, but now the *Portus Trajani* is quite 3332 yards from the sea. In the course of 3500 years the Tiber has formed a delta, to which a deposit of more than 100,000 cubic feet of mud is added every year.

II.

THE earliest landscape paintings which we possess of the district round Rome show us only waste lands and gloomy forests. Wide marshy flats divide the hills; and where the woods have been thinned by the hand of man, sheep and cattle feed. The scattered huts of the shepherds were roughly made of branches and reeds, or hewn with little labour out of the banks of soft tuff. Numerous springs flowed out of the hill-sides, which are now choked, or flow only in subterranean streams. Wild animals disputed with mankind for the possession of these lonely forests.'

It would be difficult to ascertain the proportion of truth to poetry in the descriptions of Ovid and Livy. It is, however, certain that at

the time when Rome was founded, this was not the general condition of Italy. The cyclopean buildings of the Etruscans, which had defied all times; the indescribably artistic metal-work, engraved with inscriptions; the graceful designs on pottery, of which so many specimens are still extant in museums;—all these things show the high standard of culture to which the inhabitants of Middle Italy had attained.

Of whatever importance these sites of earlier habitation may have been, this much is certain: that when, in succeeding centuries, the city of Rome covered the seven hills, its walls enclosed extensive fields and groves, which were spared by the axe, since they were sacred to the gods. These were the remnants of the original forest.

Then, as now, the prevailing trees were the evergreen oak, *Quercus cerrus*, *Ilex æsculus*, and *Robur*. On the *intermontium*, between the two Capitoline Hills, crowned by the Capitol and the temple of Jupiter, the grove of oaks still grew in Livy's time, which Romulus appointed to be the refuge of fugitives from other cities. The wooded

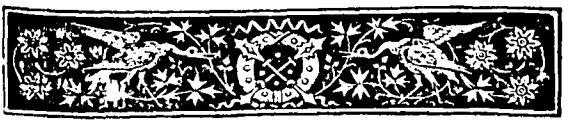
Palatine, of which Ovid speaks, *nemorosi colla Palati*, was in Cicero's day adorned with Vesta's Grove. Between this and the Esquiline Hills, not far from the Summa Sacra Via, there was in the time of Symmachus a little wood of cornel cherry-trees (*Cornus mascula*); and Varus mentions a grove of myrtles in the valley of Circus Maximus. The Aventine was, according to Dionysius, covered with all kinds of trees, in which there dwelled satyrs, fauns, and sylvan gods. Ovid says that the hill rose amid the shades of oak-trees. The tomb of Tatius stood in a laurel grove, probably on the same site where there is now a fine avenue of *Laurus nobilis*, leading up to the Priory of Malta.

Tacitus calls Cœlius *querquetulanus*, and the Viminal derived its name from the willows which clothed its sides, probably *Salix caprea*. Pincio, afterwards covered with gardens, was a forest, probably of pines, of which the offspring still overshadow Villa Borghese; and Pliny writes of an oak, still standing on the Vatican Hill, which was more ancient than Rome itself, and on which there was an inscription in letters of iron, and in the Etruscan speech, declaring the oak to be

one of a sacred grove. Oaks covered Janiculum and its slope to the Tiber, where Gracchus was slain. Below the hill the springs still flowed, with the inscription: "*Nymphis loci. Bibe, lava, tace,*" which has been found in the garden of the Palace Salviati. The axe was needed to make room on Mars' Field for the mausoleum of Augustus. This emperor laid out public walks at Ripetta, which was at that time beyond the city walls, and planted there poplars, planes, box, and laurel.

Palms were rare at all times. In the north of Italy, near Bordighera on the Corniche, and not far from Nice, they form little groves or thickets of from sixty to eighty trees. But in and near Rome they each stand alone, and there are only about twenty fine specimens in existence. The finest of these are in the garden of the Priory of Malta, on the Aventine Hill, at the Capuchin convent on Cœlius, near Porta Portese, at Villa Massimi, and at the seminary of Porta Salara. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, that during the Persian War, a palm-tree of the indigenous kind, *Chamærops humilis*, sprang up on the Capitol. Another sprang up on the

walls of the dwelling of Augustus on the Palatine Hill. There was also a famous lotos-tree, *Diospyros lotus*, and a cyprus, *Sempervirens*, at Lupercal, the most populous part of the city, and as ancient as Rome itself, and Pliny states that the trees survived to the time of Nero. In the Roman Forum, then at the height of its glory, there sprang up an olive-tree and a vine, which were carefully protected and fostered by the people. The fig-tree, *Ficus ruminalis*, was especially sacred, as the tree against which the basket containing Romulus and Remus was washed. Tacitus states that it was still green 711 years after the foundation of the city. Vines grew wild in the woods, but the useful olive was introduced from the western shores of the Mediterranean in the year 200 A.U.C. Flax was also brought from Egypt, and lucern from Media. According to Pliny, the orange and lemon trees, which now grow so freely, could not in his day be grown in Rome, either from seed or by grafting.



III.

In our northern latitudes, as soon as the heat of summer becomes excessive, we leave the towns to seek a freer and more healthy atmosphere in the country. In Rome it is just the reverse. At the end of June inhabitants of the country fly from the malaria and seek safety from fever in the narrow and dirty streets of the city. Farms, vineyards, country villas, and even houses in the suburbs are deserted and left uninhabited, and the few people whose business detains them sicken and pine in consequence.

Even within the city some districts are considered healthy, and others unhealthy. The air of Trastevere is held to be pestilential, and in the summer the popes move from the Vatican to the Quirinal. The street Giulia, where the

noblest families built their palaces in the time of Leo X., is now quite condemned; while, on the other hand, such a street as Tordinone, where family life is wholly carried on in the open air, and the pavement is defiled with filth, has the reputation of being peculiarly healthy. In the same street some houses are pointed out as dens of fever, others as free from this evil. Those dwellings which are built on a slope are considered especially dangerous, while the Piazza di Spagna, which lies at the foot of the hills, is the most healthy quarter of Rome.

It is generally supposed that a street becomes more salubrious in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, and of the fires which are burnt in it. Gardens, open spaces, and groves of trees are peculiarly dangerous, which is precisely contrary to what we might expect.

Monte Pincio, on which terraces have been made to the height of eighty feet, is one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. The spectator sees the whole of the bustling city below him. Countless cupolas and steeples tower above the masses of palaces and houses, and the eye notes with astonishment such a

variety of ancient and modern buildings. Near to a pine in the Colonna garden, a conspicuous object from afar, there is an old square tower from which Nero may have witnessed the burning of the city, while he sang to his lyre. Further to the right the Capitol towers high above the Venetian Palace. SS. Peter and Paul look down from the columns of Antoninus and Trajan, on which they were placed, as the inscription tells us, "after they had been purified from all defilement." Janiculum is painted in violet tints, together with the stately Aqua Paola, and the convent of S. Onofrio, where Tasso ended his unhappy life. The Vatican rises like a giant out of the mists of the valley of the Tiber, and Hadrian's immortal monument stands like an armed warrior in the gathering darkness of twilight.

The sun is already sending its last beams through Michael Angelo's window in the Pantheon. Now it sinks into the twinkling sea, and the sky forms a wide golden background, on which the cupola of S. Peter's and S. Angelo are defined in outlines of indescribable delicacy. A soft and refreshing breeze whispers

through the broad tops of the pines of Villa Borghese; and the fountain at the base of the obelisk in the beautiful Piazza del Popolo seems to babble with fresh vigour. But where are the spectators of this glorious sunset? Down below, in that string of carriages, in the press of foot-passengers, they go up and down between the still glowing walls of the Corso, for Monte Pincio is pronounced to be unhealthy, and sunset is precisely the most dangerous moment of the day. So again, when after a heat of 99° Fahrenheit in the shade a refreshing rain cools the air, windows are all carefully closed, for nothing can be more unwholesome.

This is all very surprising to a foreigner, and he is the more inclined to regard the whole theory of the *aria cattiva* as mythical, since he himself can brave it with impunity. The writer has in the worst season, in August and September, wandered daily through the ill-famed Campagna, from sunrise to sunset, without ever being the worse for it. Italians assert that northern constitutions import with them energy, which enables them to defy all the influences of climate for two or three years; and it is true

that after a longer residence in the country, foreigners are as liable to the fever as natives. Nor can anyone doubt that the climate is injurious in the summer months and up to October, who has seen the sickly faces of the Roman peasants, or who knows that 40,000 fever cases are annually received in the hospital of San Spirito. The fact is certain, and we have only to ask if this lamentable state of things has long subsisted, or what causes have conduced to bring it about.

Some Italian men of learning are of opinion that the climate is unchanged, and that the prevailing sickness is due to our present mode of life, to our pampered habits, and especially to the wearing of linen garments instead of the woollen toga. But it does not appear that the Capuchins in their woollen garments are more healthy than the peasants in their cotton jackets. The pious fathers also escape from their cool alleys in the gardens of the Lateran and of San Paolo, and come into the city when the heat sets in. There was a temple sacred to the god of fever, and this is a proof that the disease was not unknown to the ancients; yet the noxious climate

cannot be blamed for all the wasting sicknesses mentioned by historians, since they were for the most part due to war or famine. We find no mention of the fact that at certain seasons of the year the population took to flight in order to escape from the noxious influence of the open air, and yet this is a circumstance which an observer like Pliny would certainly have related. Nor is it likely that the Romans would have expended so much money on the country places which, under the Empire, covered the now plague-stricken Campagna. Necessity and the love of gain might cause agriculture to be carried on in an unhealthy district; but pleasure-grounds, only intended for the enjoyment of life, would never have been laid out with such peculiar care when the hills, only three miles off, offered a healthy site.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus was a foreigner, and could compare Italy with his own home. He speaks of it as most charming, without making any exception in the case of Rome. "It is full of all kinds of advantages and delight." He says that besides the arable land there is pasture for sheep and goats, horses

and cattle. They could find pasture there even in summer, although now the grass is all burnt up in June, probably because the country was at that time more wooded and more highly cultivated; for Dionysius gives as a reason the dew and artificial water-courses, which no longer exist. He mentions the excellent wood for ship-building, the ease with which it was procured, on account of the numerous streams and the nearness of the sea, the delightful springs, the metals, the wild game, and products of the sea. "But," he concludes, "the air is the best of all."

And yet it is precisely the air which the popular voice declares to be the cause of insalubrity. It may indeed carry the infection, but it is certainly not itself the cause. A chemical decomposition of such a volatile element would necessarily be perceptible in all places alike. It must be remembered that the Campagna is bordered on the east by the hills, which are only three miles off, and are covered with snow until late in the spring, while at the same distance on the west there is the sparkling bosom of the Mediterranean, and that the seafaring people and the mountaineers are equally free from

malaria; it must also be remembered that the most moderate breeze diffuses over Rome a fresh stratum of air, which is free from any hurtful properties, so that the air itself cannot be held responsible.

Others suggest that a polarity of animal and vegetable life takes place. Those districts in which there are trees are the most healthy, such as the Villa Borghese at Rome, and the lovely woods near Ostia, where the wild vine hangs on great pine stems to the height of 102 feet, and the heather grows luxuriantly five feet high. As in many other lands, the latest effects of volcanic action are shown round Rome, and especially in the bed of the Tiber, in exhalations of mephitic vapour. The carbonic acid gas exhaled from them is as beneficial to luxuriant vegetable life as it is noxious to animal life. Yet the oxen thrive which stand up to the neck in the stagnant pools near Ostia; cattle, horses, sheep, and swine are particularly good in that district, and the grass swarms with lizards, snakes and insects. It is only man who suffers. The unwholesome air of Ostia is, however, sufficiently explained by the marshes, and no con-

clusion can be established within such a limited area as the Villa Borghese.

When people talk of malaria, it might be supposed that Rome was built upon a marsh, which imparted its deadly exhalations to the air, and that they were dispersed by the winds. This is, however, by no means the case. The Campagna is throughout a peculiarly dry and, for the most part, an arid and hilly country, intersected by swift streams and brooks, which are occasionally flooded, but never exceed the limits of their own valleys. The nearest marshy flats, which, however, are not very extensive, the Paludi di Ostia, are at a distance of thirteen and a half miles from the city. The Pontine marshes, which are of greater extent, are just as near to Naples as to Rome, yet we hear nothing of their hurtful influence on the Campagna Felice, the cultivated plain which surrounds the former city.

The learned Brocchi also traced the evil to the exhalations from the soil, which take place during the night. At a spot considered to be particularly unhealthy, in the damp, reedy ground near San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, he

collected during several nights the atmospheric precipitate in an apparatus prepared for the purpose with the utmost care. In spite, however, of the most careful chemical analysis, he arrived at no result, except that he contracted a severe intermittent fever.

Since historical testimony justifies the inference that the Roman climate has not been by any means unwholesome in all times,* the question arises, what change for the worse has taken place in the condition of Rome.

The inundations of the Tiber were much more extensive in old time than they are now. The Pontine marshes always existed, and little was done to drain them. Even the stagnation of water at the mouth of the Tiber had begun long before the Imperial dynasty, and we have

* It is only in the tenth century of our era, as we read in Reumont, that complaints of the unhealthiness of Rome begin. The streets of Rome are now as clean as those of Paris. And yet in our day the cry from many an old and new quarter of the town arises as loudly as it did eight hundred years ago, when San Pier Damiani wrote to Pope Nicholas II. :

"Roma vorax hominum domat ardua colla virorum,
Roma ferax febrium necis est uberrima frugum."

seen that no great revolutions in the formation of the ground have occurred within historical times. We cannot think it probable that there has been any chemical decomposition of its constituents, since its effect would have been shown in other ways. All the plants known to Pliny in his time still grow round Rome, with the addition of others which have subsequently been introduced. There has been as little change in the animal world, which does not appear to be affected by malaria. But in one particular the conditions are wholly changed, and that is in the cultivation, not in quality, but in quantity, both of plants, animals, and men.

We by no means assert that an uncultivated soil is necessarily unhealthy, for in that case the first cultivators of the Roman soil must have suffered most. Neither do we hear from the North American settlers that any sickness has been induced by the ploughing of virgin soil. The country round Constantinople is much more waste than that of Rome, which is enclosed by a zone of highly cultivated gardens and vineyards, extending from two and a quarter

to four and a half miles round the city wall. Constantinople, on the contrary, although backed by Pera, with her cemeteries and cypress groves, has a perfectly waste moorland stretching to the Black Sea, and cultivation is limited to the slopes of the Bosphorus. Yet Constantinople is certainly one of the most healthy cities in the world. The position of the Thracian Chersonesus between two seas, and the beautiful forest of Belgrade may conduce to its salubrity; nor have we any record that this district, which is so ill-watered, was ever more widely cultivated.

On the other hand, it appears that all places are peculiarly unhealthy which at one time contained a number of inhabitants and have been subsequently deserted. Take for example Nicea, Pæstum, and Antioch, where travellers who only stay for a night are likely to take away a fever with them.

When we consider the several stages through which the cultivation of the Roman Campagna has passed, we find that in very early times there was a region of forest, in which the axe had to make room for the plough. As the power of Rome increased, and the city became

more populous, the arable fields spread further, the forest was constantly retreating, and although a considerable part of the soil was used for pasture, this is no sign of insufficient cultivation. Even in England, land which might grow corn is used for cattle breeding, since it is much easier to import corn than meat for the use of a large population. When the sway of Rome extended to all the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, Egypt and Sicily were her granaries, and the arable land and pastures near Rome could be transformed into villas and gardens, which were hardly at all productive, and were only devoted to splendour and luxury. In this way the real cultivators of the soil had to give way to rich proprietors. The immense sums which were expended in the erection and maintenance of these villas flowed in from abroad. But when the prosperity of Rome appeared to be at its height, the fall of the Empire had already begun, and the unproductive pleasaunces were deserted before they had been invaded by hostile armies. During the whole of the middle ages the insecurity of life and property was so great, that it was impossible to reside in a

district which had once been depopulated. Even the old roads were forsaken, and men had recourse to by-paths, in order to avoid the vicinity of robber castles. It was owing to the existence of such a castle, held by the Gaetani, that Porta Latina is still closed, and the road to Albano issues by Porta S. Giovanni.

Even after a series of able men had occupied the See of S. Peter, and had improved the condition of Rome itself, after the Counts of Tusculum had been destroyed, and the Colonna and the Corsini had been humbled, an insecurity still prevailed in the Campagna, of which the *casali* established by Leo X. are a proof. These farmsteads are really fortresses, with towers, battlements, and moats, in which it would still be possible to resist the attack of a robber horde. From robbers there is nothing now to fear, but other and grievous hindrances interfere with the re-cultivation of the Campagna, which are due both to its natural and social conditions.

Since the sylvan gods were driven from their gloomy forests, the Naiads have also been scared from their grottoes. The abundance of springs

is diminished, and the dew falls more sparsely on the sun-scorched plains. Yet there is no doubt that great part of these plains might again be brought under forest culture. The Tiber, and still more the Anio, contain water enough and a sufficient fall to supply an irrigation system, which might be organized with greater ease since the land is divided among a small number of proprietors. It is, however, this unequal division of property which acts as the chief obstacle to the inauguration of a better state of things. The cathedral of S. Peter's, the hospital S. Spirito, and the Borghese princes own acres in hundreds of thousands, of which one seventh, at most, is annually brought under cultivation. For this purpose gangs of labourers are hired from the adjacent hills, and others are imported from more remote provinces.

Since on many of the estates there are no farm buildings, or only mere sheds, most of these men, who have been working all day under a burning sun, pass the night in the open air, on the dewy ground. As the season advances, this mode of life becomes even more unhealthy, and the labourers flock in ever in-

creasing numbers to the hospitals. Consequently, a harvest labourer is paid at the rate of more than three shillings a day. The profit on farming is necessarily small under these circumtances, and although Rome stands on a most fertile soil, and under a kindly sky, she requires a large annual import of corn—the staff of life. It might therefore be supposed that the Roman nobles would consult their own interest in subdividing their inheritance, or at all events in sub-letting it. An attempt has been made to do the latter, but unfortunately the experiment was soon abandoned.

On the great festivals of the church, when the pope stands on the Loggia of the Lateran or of S. Peter's to bestow his blessing on the city and on the world, anyone who has leisure to look beyond the press of clergy, the carriages filled with foreigners, and the ranks of troops, and to cast a glance upon the common people which flock together from the neighbouring towns for the ceremony—anyone, I repeat, must be astonished to see hardly anything but an infinite number of ragged people. We speak here of their outward appearance. Culture of

ancient date and good breeding still cling to this people; and in the largest assemblies, even in the most riotous pleasures of the carnival, they show to advantage, and are very superior to our own rude populace. But when some mental culture is allied with means which secure an independent position, a middle class is formed in which we expect to find a certain decency in outward appearance and dress, and at Rome such a class is altogether wanting.

The important body of small landowners does not exist in the Campagna, and consequently the great landlords have no real security in the persons of those to whom they let the farms. Fixtures, settled residences, and working capital are all wanting. They therefore prefer the smaller but more certain profit offered by the *mercante di Campagna* (middlemen who regard agriculture as a trade speculation), and the rent paid for the pasture of cattle. As long as these great plains are not distributed into the hands of numerous small owners, we cannot look for any permanent settlement, nor for a restoration of the culture of the *ager romanus.*

It cannot be confidently asserted that such

culture would bring back the favourable climatic conditions of earlier days; but it seems probable that the only essential alteration which has taken place since the climate changed for the worse, is also the cause of that change.

The Roman Campagna is the favourite haunt of artists. They declare that there are no outlines more beautiful than those of the Alban Hills, and that there is no richer colouring than the brown tints of the broad plains, above which rises the deep blue sky. A horseman, exactly like a Spanish Picador, riding a coal-black horse, and guiding with his long staff a herd of horned oxen; or a shepherd, clothed in goat-skins, whose reed-pipe sounds through the loneliness of a ruined temple, serve as figure-pieces, and the picture may be framed by the arch of a half-ruined watercourse. Yet whatever charm lies in such deep silence, whatever memories are associated with a by-gone world, we believe that the attraction possessed by the deserted Campagna would be still greater if it were again cultivated, and we heartily wish that the coming generation may be enabled to compare the two conditions.

It was Baron Moltke's intention to guide his reader in systematic order along each road leading in and out of the gates of Rome—"to follow the cross-roads, and to pause a moment beside the most insignificant ruins." A series of narratives were to point out these resting places, and to adduce authorities for the histories and legends for which they are remarkable. Very few lines of the proposed itinerary were written,* but five historical sketches remain in a somewhat fragmentary form. The editor of these papers regrets that he cannot publish these fragments, exactly as they stand. But he fears to incur the Olympian wrath of the author, who declares the essays to be imperfect, and he is only permitted to publish the following papers, which describe ancient Rome at the beginning

* Quite lately, such wanderings in the neighbourhood of Rome have been described by a well known English author, in his delightful work "Days near Rome," by A. J. C. Hare.

and end of her career; the exodus of the Roman populace to Mons Sacer, in the year B.C. 494; the fall of the Fabii, at Cremera, B.C. 477; and the decisive battle between Constantine and Maxentius, A.D. 312.*

* In addition to these, there is a paper on the Fossa Cluilia, the outlet by which the valley of Grotta Ferrata at the foot of the Alban Hills was drained, and thus changing a lake into a fruitful valley. Moltke also relates the two events which play so great a part in all the legends of Roman history, the conflict between the Horatii and the Curiatii, and the threatened attack on Rome by Coriolanus. Another chapter was devoted to the hard-fought battle of Fidenæ, its colonization and subsequent destruction. This *tête de pont* of Veii, as it is called by Mommsen, the strong city which stands so high above the left bank of the Tiber, and five miles from Rome, is not, as Moltke thinks, to be identified with Castel Giubileo, but with the high ridge on which Villa Spada now stands. The space which it occupied is surrounded by two deep valleys, and was well adapted for defence. For the sides of these ravines are as steep and difficult to scale as that to the Tiber; so that strong fortifications were only necessary on the narrow face to the south-east.

MONS SACER.

In the year A.U.C. 260, the discontented Plebs, acting under the advice of one Sicinius, and without orders from the consuls, withdrew to the Sacred Hill on the other side of the river Anio, and 2500 yards from the city. Here, without leaders, they made a fortified camp with wall and trench, and remained stationary in it for several days, without taking anything but the necessaries of life, and no offensive measures took place on either side.

The distance given by Livy would apply either to the Salarian or to the Nomentanian bridges over the Anio, but when the second exodus to Mons Sacer took place, the procession along the Via Nomantania (then called Via Ficulensis) is expressly mentioned, and Varro adds that the plebeian camp stood on the Crustumerian territory.

What did the malcontents propose to gain from their brief exodus? Could they hope to improve their position as citizens by taking this

step, or did they intend to abandon their old home on the Tiber, in order to found a new one on the Anio? But this district had its rulers already, and belonged in part to themselves, so that in this case they must have begun a civil war, and ought rather to have invaded Rome than have gone out of the city. Or if they only wished to withdraw the protection of their arms from the patricians while the Volscians and the Sabines were preparing hostilities, it does not appear how long they were to stand sullenly on the hills beside the Anio, nor how they were to live, since they conscientiously spared the patrician lands; nor, finally, was anyone left in Rome to protect their goods, their wives and children.

They attacked no one, and were not themselves attacked, and yet after a few days the haughty senate sent an embassy of ten of their members, which was usually done only in the case of a victorious enemy. . . . Where is the key to such enigmas? We must be guided through the obscurity of these occurrences by the perspicacity of Niebuhr, an interpreter of bygone events.

It is quite an erroneous conception which represents the patricians as privileged nobility, and the plebeians as the great mass of the common people, for the most part without property. The nobility, if we must use the expression, was in two divisions; and the names of the first leaders of the plebeians, Licinius and Icilius, are not inferior to those of Quinctus and Posthumus. Nor was there any lack of wealthy, and even of very wealthy plebeians. The old Roman Plebs consisted exclusively of husbandmen: they were landowners, and trade and manufacture was prohibited. Consequently they formed the estimable class of country people, of which Cato says they nourish the fewest evil thoughts. They were the real strength and vigour of the state, since they furnished the whole of the foot-soldiery.

The patricians sprang from the priestly class, and the plebeians for the most part from the Latin tribe: the former were the capitalists of the republic, and the use of the common land was assigned to them; while the latter were endowed with land, of which they had free allodial possession. The patricians were dis-

tributed into tribes which, together with their clients, who were by no means plebeians, were often very numerous: the plebeians were divided into single families. In this way these two parties formed two distinct stocks, included in the same state, but without any mutual rights of marriage. And in this division of the nation, the preponderance of numbers must have been very decidedly on the side of the plebeians.

The gulf between the two classes was the more dangerous for this very reason. The death of the last of the Tarquins had put an end to all fear of the return of the old dynasty, and the patricians had interdicted the other citizens from any share in the government, or in the common lands. Their poverty had deprived many plebeians of their inheritance. They shed their blood in achieving victories, but obtained no benefit from the conquered lands. "Even the booty of war, which they were bound by oath to surrender, was kept from them, and flowed into the treasury of the patricians. They were compelled to contribute to the incessant wars both in money and person. The people were, however, most oppressed by merciless usury and barbarous laws of debt.

The rate of interest was not fixed, and it was only decided by avarice on one side, and by necessity on the other. When interest was added to the capital the debt increased rapidly, and anyone who did not within the legal interval satisfy the demand claimed by the prætor was given up to the creditor, with his children and grandchildren, as a slave, who had to pay with his person and labour. In this way the whole citizen class was gradually pauperized, and the power of the patricians became really tremendous. Every patrician house resembled a gaol, to which on each day of reckoning captives were brought in troops. The Valerian and other laws, drawn up for the protection of the citizens, were either abrogated under terror of dictatorship or made ineffectual. The resistance of the plebeians was prevented by drafting them into the military service, since there was no limit to the power of the state when the army had passed the frontier.

It was for this reason that a Roman army preferred flight to victory, since in the former case a detested consul would obtain no triumph; and hence, again, the appearance of a foreign

enemy filled the senate with terror, and the people with hope. It was at such a moment that the citizens refused to take arms. The senators might serve alone, so that the perils of war should not always fall to one class, and its rewards to another. They were ready to fight for their country, but not for their taskmasters.

A spark at last kindled the heap of fuel. An aged man, who had escaped from the debtor's gaol, implored in mortal anguish the aid of the Quirites. He showed to the people the shameful marks of the scourge upon his back, and upon his breast, the honourable scars which he had borne away from eight and twenty fields of battle. He was recognized as a gallant commander. The war had destroyed his property, and hunger had constrained him to sell everything. Usurious interest had so multiplied his debt that the creditor had thrown him and his sons into chains.

In the bitterness of their resentment, the people disregarded a call to arms. Since the extremity was great, it was therefore enacted that the property of a soldier in active service should not be seized or sold, and that no claim

could be made on his children and grandchildren, and this induced all the enslaved debtors to enlist in the army, although from no motives of valour. But they had no sooner returned home than they were treated with the same harshness as before.

In the following year war was again impending, and the patricians had recourse to the dictatorship, which was always their last expedient. Their choice fortunately fell on Valerius, who was beloved by the people. Ten legions issued forth; they were everywhere victorious, and returned home more quickly than the senate desired. They refused to confirm the release of enslaved debtors, which had been promised by the dictator, and he resigned his office. He had restored peace abroad, but could do nothing for peace at home, and in the insurrection he wished to be a private citizen, not a dictator. The people felt that Valerius could only have kept his word by a breach of the constitution, and with the unalterable respect for law which is characteristic of the Roman people, they accompanied him to his house with expressions of good-will.

Six legions were still under arms, and since they were retained in the field, under pretext of a fresh war, the insurrection broke out. The soldiers' oaths had been made to the consuls, and they first thought of murdering them, but when informed that such a crime would not absolve them from their oath, they chose L. Sicinius Bellutus for their leader, and marched to Mons Sacer.

Let us now consider the reasons which led to this measure. The experience of the four legions of the dictator had taught the others what they had to expect, if they entered the city. They had at once returned to the severest and most terrible slavery. For this reason the six legions remained outside the city, they placed the Anio betwixt them and Rome, and selected a position which would enable them both to meet the arbitrary measures of the senate, and in the last extremity to call in the aid of the Sabines. Surrounded by water on three sides, the camp could be easily fortified on its only access, to the north. It was not the plebeians as a body which went forth, but only a portion of their young men, who were capable

of bearing arms, and who refrained from entering the city. The great mass of citizens had remained with their property in the city, together with their dependants, wives and children, and in order to protect the latter, they doubtless remained under arms in the plebeian quarter, the hills Aventine and Esquiline.

In this way the varying statements of later historians can be explained, some describing the exodus to the Sacred Hill, and others to the Aventine. It is probable that the citizens were supported by some of the peasants, and at that time Mount Aventine possessed its own *arx*, or citadel. But the army was encamped on the Sacred Hill, there were the leaders of the insurrection, and there the negotiations for peace were carried on.

The other hills of Rome were under the power of the patricians, who had the great advantage of holding the reins of government. Numerous clients gathered round them. The Claudii alone estimated their followers at five thousand. These, however, consisted chiefly of artisans and shopkeepers, who were exempt from service in the legions. They were unused

to bear arms, and unfitted to stand against the vigorous peasants.

Such a state of things could not long continue without great danger of the complete annihilation of the Roman State. The patrician quarter could only be conquered by great effusion of blood; and the conquerors, surrounded by hostile peoples, would not have long remained on the smoking embers of their ruined city to rejoice in their ill-starred triumph. Arbitrary measures against the Plebs were not, however, less serious. From twelve to fifteen thousand armed men (the strength of the legions at that time is uncertain), who had just been victorious in the field, and had nothing to lose, might have entered the city through the south-eastern gates, which were occupied by their partisans. The patricians had undoubtedly most to lose, and they had more reason than the Plebs to fear foreign enemies.

So it was that overtures for a reconciliation came from the patricians. Their great council empowered the senate to negotiate, and a formal embassy of ten of the most distinguished senators went to meet the rebels upon Mons Sacer.

The envoys acted under these difficult circumstances with the discretion of great aristocrats, since they did not shrink from immediate and personal sacrifices, in order to secure their order from future and permanent injury. All contracts of debt were annulled; all who had been legally condemned to slavery were set at liberty: but, on the other hand, the law of debt, which was the real source of these evils, was not abrogated. It was even possible to convince the citizens on Mount Aventine that traffic in money was indispensable, and that it necessarily involved stringent laws. The fable of Menenius Agrippa respecting the belly and the other members of the body did not refer to matters of policy, but to the conditions of creditor and debtor. The senate deserved a nobler simile, but it was quite applicable to money-lenders and usurers. The Plebs did not aspire to the consulate and other offices of state, nor to have a share in the common land.

The old Valerian laws were, however, re-enacted, and the tribunate was appointed for their execution, as a safeguard against the con-

sular power. The authority of the tribunes was declared to be inviolable. Any one who resisted them was to have his head assigned to Jupiter, and his house to Ceres—that is, he was placed under a ban, and no one would be called to account for killing him. The tribune did not share the supreme power, but he could limit its action. He could not himself judge a cause, but he could maintain the authority of the plebeian courts, and vindicate the power of appeal.

The two first tribunes were chosen together on the hill beside the Anio, the new treaty was sworn amid the sacrifices of the Roman people, and the site of this solemn engagement was consecrated to Jupiter, and afterwards bore the name of the Sacred Hill (Mons Sacer).*

* "The dictator," so Mommsen sums up his narrative, "negotiated the treaty; the citizens returned within the city walls, and external unity was restored. The people afterwards called Valerius 'the Great' (Maximus), and the hill beyond the Anio became Mons Sacer." There is something impressive and noble in this bloodless revolution, which was begun and executed by the multitude themselves, without steadfast guidance and under chance leaders, and it was a subject of proud and grateful remembrance to the citizens. (Editor's Note.)

THE FABIAN GENS ON THE CREMERA.

On the morning of February 15th, A.U.C. 276, there was a gathering of the Fabii, 306 men at arms, which probably took place at the Quirinal, the site of their tribal temple. The consul, Cæso Fabius, came to meet them, wearing the purple garment of a general, and the little army marched out of the city, one tribe against the whole people.

We learn from Livy the direction taken by the little troop and its numerous attendants. They went "to the Capitol, past the citadel and the other temples, through the right arch of Porta Carmentalis to the Cremera, where they chose a suitable place for an entrenched camp." But this account leaves much room for doubt.

If, as Niebuhr believes, Porta Carmentalis was on the east side of the Capitol, the Fabii must have retraced their steps in order to reach the citadel on that side. But if we suppose with Sachse, and this seems more probable, that the gate was on the west side of the hill, the

Fabii must have passed, as was natural, through the busiest parts of the city, across the Forum, and round the base of the Capitoline Hill, and out of the city by the Sanctuary of Carmenta. The gateway by which they left their native city, never to return to it again, received the name of *Scelerata* after the troop had come to a fatal end, and for five hundred years no Roman, who clung to the faith of his forefathers, would pass out by that gate. Those who lived near to it either made a *détour*, or used the other archway; but they used the gate as before for entering the city.

We may wonder why anyone going out of the city from the Capitoline Hill should not have gone straight to the river gate, in order to reach the Sublician Bridge. The way indicated seems to point to the Milvian Bridge (Ponte Molle). It is not known whether this bridge was then built, but it is very improbable that a permanent way across the Tiber should have been made above Rome at that time. The Romans required the protection afforded by the river, so that even the bridges within their walls were so built that they could be destroyed as quickly as possible.

In order to ascertain the subsequent direction taken by the Fabii, it is most important to know where "the site adapted for an entrenched camp" was found on the Cremera, but on this point both records and local traces are wanting.

If the undertaking was carried out in the sense assumed by Livy, as the permanent nucleus of an army which might eventually be raised, the place selected must fulfil two conditions. It must have a near view of the enemy, and must command a retreat on Rome, and, consequently, must have been somewhere between the Sublician Bridge and Veii, and near the latter place. These conditions are fulfilled by the rocky height upon which Isola Farnese now stands. Surrounded by insurmountable precipices, with its only access by a narrow ridge, the position was impregnable by the arms of that time, and it overlooked all the movements of the Veientines. But for this very reason they must have been such an intolerable offence and standing threat, that the Veientines must have tried to get rid of the camp at any price, and the Fabii could scarcely have main-

tained themselves there for a year and a half. It seems more probable that they took up a position further back, where the Veientian Way, leading from the Tomb of Nerò, sinks into the valley of the Cremera, and where there is a considerable mound. Here, also, the ground is advantageous for a fortified camp, although there was greater risk of being cut off from Rome in the event of a disaster.

If, however, we are justified in assuming that the army was accompanied by women and children, and that it was in fact a fresh colonisation, the retreat on Rome need not be taken into account, and a place may have been selected still further back, near the junction of the Cremera with the Tiber. A fortified colony, with 5000 inhabitants, might stand a siege independently, until an army had been levied in Rome for their relief. A greater distance from Veii would be a necessary condition of such a settlement, since its inhabitants must have arable land and pasture for their cattle, and they might, by the exercise of great vigilance, find it possible to shelter themselves from hostile attacks behind their walls.

If, therefore, we are to suppose that the Fabian camp which was to defy the Veientines was on the lower Cremera, near the heights of Tor di Celso, yet it must be admitted that this assumption relies only on probability. But the subsequent course of events seems to justify the assumption.

As long as they only had to cope with raids and forays, the Fabii were strong enough, not only to maintain their position, but to secure the Roman territory against hostile attacks. The Veientines sought aid from their allies, the Etruscans, and advanced against the Fabian colony, while at the same time the Roman legions, commanded by the Consul Lucius Æmilius, came to the help of the latter. An attack of the Roman cavalry hardly permitted the Veientines to draw up their line of battle. Driven back to Saxa Rubra, where they had pitched their camp, they, as Livy related, made humble overtures for peace. There can be no doubt that the Veientines would not have encamped at Saxa Rubra, on the Flaminian Way, and close to the valley of the Tiber, if the Fabian fortress had been much higher up on the

Cremera, since otherwise the connection between the Veientian camp and Veii itself would have been interrupted, and they must certainly have established themselves opposite to the Fabian stronghold.

Livy adds that the Veientines, with characteristic vacillation, broke the truce before the camp on the Cremera was abandoned. We may suppose that this was done *because* the camp was not abandoned, and that the occupation of the ground continued because the senate was unable to constrain the Fabii to surrender their independent colony.

After the Fabii had continued their successful resistance in greater and smaller battles with their Etruscan opponents, the latter succeeded by a stratagem. They several times permitted the Fabii to carry off plunder with little difficulty. At last a large herd of cattle appeared at a considerable distance, on the open plain on the further side of the Cremera. The Romans immediately gave chase, the frightened herd dispersed and fled, with the Fabii in hot pursuit. There was a halt on both sides, and the Fabii saw the danger when it was too late. They col-

lected on a rising ground for the fight, but were surrounded by the enemy, and fell, fighting to the last man, 306 in number. We are not told of the destruction of the Fabian camp, but it could offer no resistance after its heroes were slain, and the fate of their followers may be guessed. Only one remained alive out of the whole tribe, probably not a child, but an adult, who was constant to the subsequent policy of his family, and did not go out with the rest, for ten years later he was elected consul by the plebeians. He was the ancestor of the Maximi, who for many years provided Rome with great men both in peace and war, and from whom the Massimi of to-day may trace their descent.

On the fatal day on which the Fabii were overcome, July 18th, A.U.C. 277, the Consul Menenius was in the field, and only an hour's march distant. It is probable that the patricians and their consul deliberately sacrificed the lives of the rebellious tribe which had asserted its independence. But Menenius himself was involved in their overthrow. The Veientines attacked and completely defeated him, took possession of Janiculum, and Rome was only

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saved by a hasty destruction of the bridge. The tribunes, however, impeached Menenius, and he was condemned by the citizens.

SAXA RUBRA.

The battle fought by Constantine against Maxentius on October 28, A.D. 312, is one of the most important events in history. It was in consequence of this battle that Christianity was practically recognized as a power in the Roman Empire. And yet the only account of such an important step is given in a few obscure lines, which we glean with difficulty from a flood of rhetoric, since the panegyrists are unfortunately no historians. They only think of glorifying the conqueror, and they forget that they diminish the merit of their hero, when they describe the acts of his opponent, as those of a madman divinely stricken with blindness. We here attempt to put together what appear to be the actual facts of the case.

The two emperors took up arms against each other. Maxentius brought 188,000 men into

the field, and if this number is not exaggerated, at any rate it coincides with that of the army levied in Rhætium. Constantine collected 98,000 men, consisting of Britons, Gauls, and Barbarians. But before his departure for Italy, it was necessary to secure the Rhine frontier by leaving some divisions behind. His victories at Turin and Verona could not have been obtained without considerable loss, so that it is quite possible that the protector of the Christians appeared before Rome with only 25,000 combatants. Yet he must have been rejoiced, when he met his enemy in the open field, ready to give battle, although he may have known that the forces of Maxentius far out-numbered his own. Maxentius had exhausted Africa and the islands in order to provision Rome with enormous supplies of corn. The old walls might offer a protracted resistance, and Constantine must have been unwilling to inflict the terrors of war on the noble city, which he had come to deliver.

Maxentius had also sufficient grounds for seeking a battle. Rome included at that time a population of nearly a million inhabitants, which were divided among themselves both in politics

and religion. It was difficult to control these parties on the approach of a hostile army, with the prospect of the privations of a siege, and since the Roman Augustus commanded numerous troops, which were, at least as far as the prætorians were concerned, very efficient, it was natural that he should risk a decision in the open field, before retiring behind walls. The effeminate tyrant was indeed only induced to place his own person at the head of an enterprise which concerned him more nearly than any one else, by the general derision and open curses which were hurled at him in the circus.

Maxentius advanced to Saxa Rubra, barely eight and a quarter miles from Rome. This positive assertion of Aurelius Victor is important.

Saxa Rubra was the second post-station out of Rome on the Flaminian Way. The "Itinerarium Hierosolymitanum" and the "Tabula Peutingeriana" both give the distance as eight and a quarter miles. This must be reckoned from the Aurelian Gate, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, which would bring the milestone which indicated the ninth "Millia Passuum," or eight and a quarter English miles, exactly to Prima

Porta. Since the "Itinerarium" does not mark half and quarter miles, there is a margin of a few hundred paces by which the spot may be fixed either before or behind this milestone. But since it was a post-station, it is very probable that Saxa Rubra was where Via Flaminia diverges from Via Tiberina—that is, on the very site of the first houses of Prima Porta.

Down in the valley, however, no position could be taken up. The assumption that Maxentius advanced beyond the "red stones," is not consistent with the statement that it was barely eight and a quarter miles, nor with the assertion of the panegyrist, that the emperor drew up his army on "a wide plain." On the contrary, his battle-field would, in such a case, have been intersected by the two valleys of the Celsa and its tributary. We are therefore justified in assuming that Maxentius halted on the city side of Saxa Rubra, and prepared to fight on the open and level ridge between Celsa and Valca. In this situation the Celsa was in his front. His right wing rested against the high, rocky descent to the Tiber, and his left flank was covered by the deeply cleft valley of the upper Valca.

If it was inconvenient to have this stream in his rear, yet his action within the lines of his position seemed to be unimpeded, while the ground from which his enemy must make his attack was much intersected, and at any rate difficult for cavalry.

We cannot recognize in this position the infatuation of an insane or desperate man, who had cooped up his army between the ranks of his enemy and an impracticable retreat, which, without hope of victory, made flight impossible. This was by no means the case. Constantine's panegyrists themselves say that although the army of Maxentius displayed an immensely extended front, their lines were not thin and weak. When they intimate that the footsteps of the outermost ranks were washed by the Tiber, as if in anticipation of their immersion in the river, we can only suppose that this refers to the right wing, but not to the ranks quite in the rear, for the Milvian Bridge was almost four and a half miles from the rear of the army. A bridge of boats was also thrown across the stream somewhat higher up by Maxentius. Whether, as Eusebius professes to know, it was provided with a slight

fortification, by which Constantine was momentarily delayed in crossing the river, seems of little importance. But the assertion of the panegyrists that there was no possibility of retreat seems to be altogether unfounded. His retreat did not depend on this bridge, since the direct way led to Rome along the right bank of the Tiber, where, nine miles from the field of battle, six bridges crossed the stream into the city.

We are, unfortunately, without any account of the course of the battle itself. The Gallic cavalry must have had great difficulty in crossing the Celsa in the face of their enemy, and it appears that the Numidians and Moors only offered a faint resistance. The Prætorian guard, on the other hand, which could not hope for Constantine's forgiveness, covered the ground which they occupied with their dead bodies.

After the battle was lost, retreat on Rome by the right bank of the Tiber was still open to Maxentius, but it seems that, in the attempt to escape personal pursuit, he suddenly turned to the left, in order to cross by the Milvian Bridge, or by one of those built by himself.

According to Panegyric viii. 13, we are to suppose that he swam the Tiber, and that his horse slipped back in trying to mount the steep and clayey bank, which is of a uniform height of eight or ten feet. According to other reports, the emperor was pushed off the bridge by the flying multitude, and he was prevented by his armour from struggling through the mud of the Tiber. His body was therefore found on the following day, and his head was shown to the people, who up to that time had not dared to betray their joy.

Raphael's pencil has made this memorable event immortal in the hall of Constantine at the Vatican; but it is only instructive from the artistic, not from the historical, point of view. The picture may possibly confirm the surmise that the battle took place at the Milvian Bridge, which is only four and a half miles from the actual field of battle.

THE attentive reader of Moltke's "Wanderings Round Rome," must have observed his mention of a sudden journey to Berlin, in the summer of 1846, and again, after a short stay in Rome during the month of September, of his final departure from that city. We have already intimated that his first journey was owing to Prince Henry's death. By command of Frederic William IV., Major von Moltke was charged to accompany the prince's corpse to the Prussian capital. In the following notices of his journey, never before published, we have another proof of Moltke's remarkable power of turning every moment of his life to account, and of his rapid mastery of the characteristics of a country and of its inhabitants, which this gifted man obtained at a glance. While the vessel which conveyed the prince's body passed through the gates of

Hercules, and round the western coasts of Europe, he availed himself of this brief space of time to make a flying, but as his journal shows, a by no means superficial visit to Spain. He must have groaned and sighed with impatience when he arrived at Hamburg, punctually at the time appointed to receive the corpse, and awaited the arrival of the vessel in vain for days and weeks. Yet this enforced leisure, and even his impatience, bore good fruit, since it is to them we owe the following pages.

SPANISH JOURNAL.

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October, 1846.

WHEN we went on board the corvette *Amazon* on a sunny evening in last month the sea was smiling as if to invite us on a pleasure trip, but shortly afterwards it became terribly rough. It took us sixteen days to beat up against the wind to Gibraltar. The sea was high, and the vessel, no longer steadied by her sails, reeled like a drunken man, and as if the masts would snap off. At length the rock of Tarek, a splendid sight, rose out of the waters. The rugged mass, 1361 feet high, is only connected with the continent of Europe by a level tongue of land, and therefore appears as a gigantic, insulated cone. Opposite to it, on the coast of

Africa, the other Pillar of Hercules rises in like manner, the Apes' Hill at Ceuta. We struggled long against the strong tide which here always sets in to the Mediterranean. At length we cast anchor, and the fortress greeted our mourning flag with a royal salute.

The first step on shore led us into a new world—a wonderful combination of Spain and England. The brilliancy and luxuriance of a southern sky are here allied with the energy and activity of the North. The red-coated unbreeched Highlanders stand like giants among the small brown Spaniards, wrapped in their cloaks, and the slender Arabs, who flock in numbers into the fair land which belonged to them for 700 years. There lay, in immense quantities, grapes, oranges, dates, and olives, from Malaga, Valencia, and Granada, together with English potatoes and cheese, while lobsters, flying-fish, and dolphins from the Atlantic lay beside dried stock-fish from the Arctic seas. Above the flat roofs, the balconies, and the gardens with their pomegranates and palms, project the three tiers of galleries which have been mined in the limestone rock to the depth

of a mile, and which are armed with cannon from the Scotch foundries. Three noble ships of the line, bearing the British flag, tower above the swarm of small craft and of steamboats. Our *Amazon* appeared beside them like a graceful child.

Gibraltar is constantly increasing, but it is only permitted by its iron armour to grow in height. Plots of ground and house-rent are incredibly dear. A limestone rock and a spit of sand necessarily produce nothing, and were originally inhabited only by partridges and apes. All the necessaries of life must be brought by sea, even drinking-water, which is the great want in this otherwise impregnable fortress. Spanish guards are posted on the spit of sand, 1680 yards from the Rock, with loaded guns, not armed to resist an attack, but to put down the smuggling trade which is carried on here on a large scale.

I had decided to make the rest of the journey by land, but it was necessary that it should be only a courier's journey, which would leave little time for enjoyment and sight-seeing. An order from the governor admitted me to all the fortifications, to the Moorish castle, O'Hares' tower,

and to the telegraph-station on the summit of the Rock. From this spot, where the eastern cliff has a perpendicular descent of 1000 feet, there is a wide view over the Spanish coast, the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which is 10,000 feet high, and across the dark blue sea. On the further side of the straits are seen the African mountains of Tangiers and Ceuta, and the wide bay of Algeçiras opens on the west. We looked down upon the town, the fortifications and the beautiful harbour, as on a map. I sought to imprint the picture on my memory, feeling how unlikely it was that I should ever again see one of such extent and beauty.

The beautiful light of the setting sun was still shed on the harbour and on the town which rises on the hill, when I embarked on board the English steamer *Queen*, which made good way against the tide. The full moon rose out of the Mediterranean and shed its brilliant light on the high mountains of both continents. The air was soft and refreshing, and sparkling spray was churned up by the paddle-wheels. We soon passed the lighthouse of Tarifa near Trafalgar, and were in the Atlantic Ocean,

which was at that moment as smooth as glass. Although I was much fatigued by the exertions of the previous day; it was late before I could prevail on myself to lie down; and before sunrise I was again on deck, in order to see the entrance into the harbour of Cadiz.

Cadiz is a Gibraltar without the rock, very well built, with narrow but clean streets, fine squares, planted with trees, few churches, but many traces of the wealth of earlier days, when the sun never set upon the monarchy, and fleets bore thither the gold and silver of the Indies. Cadiz is now as much in her decline as Gibraltar is in the ascendant. The reader will wonder that, in order to describe my land journey, I ask him to accompany me on board another steamer, the *Theodorick*, which on the same morning followed the coast to San Lucar, and then, favoured by the tide, ascended the Guadalquiver with incredible speed. As far as Seville the valley is only enclosed by somewhat distant mountains, and both banks of the river are low and flat, and exposed to inundations, so that they are used as pasture for sheep and cattle. Among them are the wild

bulls which are used for bull-fights. Towards evening there was a change in this monotonous landscape, and the hilly ground came nearer to the river banks. Olive woods and orange groves clothe the slope, and in their midst the beautiful cathedral at last appears, overtopped by Giralda, the famous tower built by the Arabs.

Although it is three hundred years since the Saracens were driven out, Seville is still quite a Moorish city. The architecture and arrangement of the houses are altogether Eastern, only beautified and ennobled by artistic taste, and by the wealth commanded by the Moslem in Spain and Sicily. It is worthy of observation that the Arabs, who everywhere in their native country have remained in the lower grade of a wandering and shepherd people, became on European soil pillars of culture and of the sciences. Poetry, history, mathematics, and architecture, all flourished among them, while the Christian West was still sunk in barbarism. There is no poetry more beautiful than the laments for the lost paradise of Granada. When we compare them with Christian chivalry, the Arabs do not display less romantic valour and magnanimity, and they

were indeed often an example to the former. More industrious and patient than their enemies, they made southern Spain into a paradise by including it in a system of irrigation of which we still see traces at the base of the Armenian highlands, and in Syria, and also in the provinces of Valencia and Granada.

By destructive wars, by the extirpation and expulsion of millions of these industrious men, Catholic Spain inflicted on herself an injury from which it is scarcely possible she should recover, since wide tracts of these fair lands are now a depopulated wilderness. The remnant of the Saracens submitted to be baptized, but for some generations they called on Allah and his Prophet in the mosques, which had been transformed into churches, and they maintained their ancient manners and customs. It is said that when the Saracens, after an obstinate resistance, lost the last foot of their broad lands, when the tower, O'Hares, on the top of Gibraltar, was torn from them, they took with them the keys of their houses, and bequeathed them to their children, assured that Allah Akbar, the Just, had decreed their return. Hundreds

of these brown figures, wrapped in their white mantles, may still be seen wandering through the streets of Seville, for which they seem to have retained an indelible love.

It is well-known that the Saracens created a peculiar style of architecture. They found the Roman rounded arches in the grand aqueducts, bridges, and triumphal gateways which had been erected in the Iberian Peninsula by the legions of Trajan and other emperors. Theodorick and his Goths introduced the German pointed arch, and the Saracens combined the two in the horse-shoe form. These arches were supported on slender shafts, generally in pairs, and by the heavy, square capitals of Byzantine architecture. The beautiful rose-windows which are so often seen above the west doors of Christian cathedrals, are of Saracenic origin. In the upper parts of their buildings, the Arabs, like the Italian and unlike the German architects, were tolerant of horizontal lines—their roofs were flat, and the flat ceilings of their rooms gave occasion for the display of their readiness in design, the so-called arabesques. The detailed ornamentation of each particular part is particularly characteristic.

The Saracenic buildings are seldom large. Even their *alcasar*, or castles, are externally insignificant, and only occupy a large area from the courts and gardens which surround them. The houses have not, as in the East, perfectly blank walls, but on the outside they are plain and covered with white plaster, and pierced by few openings. All beauty is reserved for the interior, where the careful execution of ornament in the minutest detail is astonishing. In this beautiful climate not only the coloured glazed bricks and the carved foliage of the marble capitals are preserved uninjured, but also the arabesques worked in stucco on the walls and ceilings. The most elegant designs in their best works allow the main lines of the building to be plainly seen, while the intervals are filled with flowers, foliage, festoons, lines and dots on the most minute scale, so that it might be called Brussels lace in stone-work. The Arabic inscriptions are in excellent keeping with their surroundings, consisting of verses from the Koran in raised or gilded letters, on a dark blue ground. They are so closely interwoven with the architecture, that they have been spared

even by Spanish intolerance, and I was surprised to see, above the altars of the cathedral of Cordova, verses by the camel-driver of Mecca.

Coming from Italy, I expected to find the Alcasar in Seville a ruin, a wooden hoarding before every neglected monument, of which a greedy cicerone kept the door, and troops of beggars who did not allow a moment's enjoyment of the things I had come to see. But there was nothing of the kind. I stepped into the bare courtyard through an open door. Only the centre of the further wall is pierced with three doors and windows above them, which have ornamental balconies and shafted columns of wonderful beauty. A richly-carved staircase leads into a series of rooms with parqueted floors, gilded ceilings, and walls ornamented in arabesque patterns, all on a small scale, but indescribably home-like and neat. And yet it is more than three hundred years since these rooms were inhabited, at the time when Philip I., the son of the Emperor Maximilian, married the mad Joanna. The very small domestic chapel dates from this time, and

at the same date the tower and lion, the arms of Castile and Leon, were introduced into the arabesques.

Charles V., who was of a chilly nature, had chimneys added to some of the rooms, otherwise the castle of the Abencerrages has remained as it was: nothing has been intentionally altered, and nothing anxiously preserved. I met no inmates, everything stood open without anyone to help or hinder me, as I wandered admiringly through the suite of rooms. There is a charming view from the balcony on to the walled gardens, with their yew hedges and shell walks, fountains and kiosques, amid roses, pomegranates, laurels, and broad-leafed palms. A two-storeyed building forms the centre of the Alcasar, enclosing a square space, into which the doors all open below, and the windows above. This space might have been a court, but a third storey, with windows and an elaborate ceiling, makes it into a three-storeyed hall, which is in communication with all the rooms, and is lighted from above. I should vainly attempt to describe the marble pavement, the slender pillars and arches of the lower storey, the gilded

balcony of the upper floor, the beautiful ceiling, and the luxuriance and harmony of the whole decoration of this hall.

The private dwellings are equally characteristic, and in keeping with the social condition of orientals. Since their life abroad was subject to despotic rule and to all kinds of oppression, each one found compensation in the home life he sought to make for himself. He was master at home, and there found security, pleasure, and riches, but he only dared to be happy by stealth. Just as the rich Armenian of to-day, when he goes into the presence of a ruler, conceals his rich silk garment and his fur under a mean caftan, so the walls which were bare on the outside enclosed a little Eden within. At Seville the entrance into a somewhat simple outer court is through strong gates, studded with iron. This is the Persian Bab and Turkish Kapu, the gate which, in the East, as of old among our Biblical forefathers, played such an important part, where business was transacted, quarrels were made up, and judgments were given.

The Christian inmates had placed an image

of the Virgin in each of these outer courts, before which numerous torches were lighted in the evening, which gave them a kindly aspect. The entrance from the outer into the inner court is through a rich lattice-work door, which was always kept shut, and there is generally a descent of a few steps. An open portico runs round this inner court, of which the arches are supported by slender shafts, generally in pairs. A fountain babbled in the midst of the court, often with a beautiful marble basin, in which were gold-fish and trout, and this was shaded by a little grove of oranges, pomegranates, roses, and myrtle. The remaining space is lined with marble; and a sail-cloth stretched across it, or at any rate a lattice-work over which a vine is trained, changes this court, even in the height of summer, into a cool and charming salon, in which a sofa, chairs, pictures, and mirrors are not wanting. Strangers were received in the outer court, and only intimate friends were admitted to the inner one. But such a mode of life requires the unvarying brilliancy of a southern sky.

I must also speak of the Giralda, the most

beautiful tower in the world. It is square, I believe 300 feet high, and was originally flat-roofed, and erected for astronomical purposes. Each face is divided from top to bottom into three parts, of which those on the outside are plain, and only enlivened by many-coloured glazed tiles, while the centre spaces are pierced with doors, windows, balconies, and shafts of uncommon beauty. As in S. Mark's tower at Venice, the ascent is made without steps, by an easy inclined plane within the thick walls, which leads up to the platform. S. Mark's tower appears to me to be a copy of the Giralda, on a still larger scale, but not nearly so beautiful. The view of Venice, the lagunes, the Adriatic Sea, and the Alps is indeed much finer than that of Seville and the wide plain which surrounds it. The Christian kings crowned the Giralda with a highly-ornamented spire, quite 100 feet high, and hung bells in the same place from which the Muezzin had been accustomed to call believers to prayer. On the highest pinnacle there is a gilded figure to act as weathercock, and, strangely enough, it is intended to represent Faith, which, however,

ought not to be so changeable. The tower owes its name to this weathercock.

The cathedral of Seville is still famed throughout the world. A splendid mosque formerly stood near the Giralda. It was sacked, and the Archbishop of Seville, to whose diocese the Indies belonged, built the great cathedral with the treasure of the New World. He made a basilica with five aisles, of which the centre and higher one was lighted from above. It is, however, extremely dark, and the space within is beset with chapels, altars, and monuments. I was not greatly impressed with the effect of the whole. I was struck by the fact that in the interior the German pointed arch is used throughout, while the horizontal lines of Italian buildings appear on the outside. The beautiful outer court, with cloisters, fountains, and orange-trees, is perhaps a remnant of the earlier mosque. The walls of Seville, studded with towers, and its gates, are remarkably fine. I seem to be passing from narrative into description, but everything at Seville is so beautiful, and so unlike what I have seen elsewhere, that I do not know how to cut short my account. Spaniards

say: "Che non ha vista Sevilla, non ha vista nada" (He who has not seen Seville, has seen nothing).

It was my object to travel as quickly as possible through Spain, in which but a few years before there were neither roads nor carriages, and the muleteer (Aricro) was the only man who could forward the traveller. As my travelling money was in gold, I carried it on my person, and I was not pleased with the reports of the insecurity of the roads. Moreover the Queen's wedding, about which so much had been said, was impending, and we had been assured at Gibraltar that we should be just in time for a revolution at Madrid. At that time Prussia had neither an ambassador nor consuls to afford diplomatic protection to her subjects. I was fortunate enough to obtain a place in the diligence which had lately been established, and which was to start on the following day, while some of the other travellers at Seville were obliged to stay there for another week. We left Seville at a lively trot. There were twenty passengers in the diligence; and, in consideration of the badness of the roads, it was

placed on wheels like those of a twenty-four pound gun. Twelve mules were harnessed in a long line, and the *chico* rode at their head—a young man who, by the way, remained in the saddle for eighteen hours. The *majoral* held the reins of the wheelers, and the owner of the beasts, which were changed every three miles, ran beside them, although we galloped up and trotted down the hills. These men must be made of iron, for at the same time they speak continually to their mules, calling each by his name, Generala, Generala, o Pellegrina, Capitano, *arri*, *arri* (forwards), besides the continual malediction *carracho*, which will not bear translation. As in France, all the luggage is piled on the top of the vehicle. This increased the danger of being upset by shocks which sent our heads against the roof. But the pace was good, and in twenty-four hours we accomplished thirty Spanish leagues, somewhat more than one hundred and fourteen miles.

I had always imagined Andalusia to be a kind of paradise, but it is, on the contrary, quite a barren land. At first we saw a few orange-groves, palms, and fine ruins of Moorish castles,

but an absolute dearth of wood and water, of human beings and of labour, was soon perceptible. The Guadalquiver, which is here no longer affected by the tide, dwindles into a somewhat insignificant stream. Most of the fields are covered with fan-palms, about two feet high, and are enclosed by great aloe-hedges, of which the flower-stems, thirty feet tall, and as thick as a man's body, are used for fuel. Elsewhere the cactus, with its red figs, forms an impenetrable hedge. The hill-sides are planted with olives, but these straight lines of hollow stems, with leaves as grey as those of our willows, are fatiguing to the eye. The soil is extremely fertile, but only a small proportion of it is brought under cultivation for the purpose of growing maize and cotton, and the dust kicked up by eight and forty mule hoofs is inconceivable. I had taken a cup of chocolate before starting at 10 a.m., and dinner was not served to us until an hour after midnight, nor could we get anything to eat in the interval.

Cordova itself, in spite of its sonorous name, is a somewhat insignificant town, and would be unworthy of much attention, except for the

beautiful old bridge over the Guadalquiver and the Marquiba. It has been said of the first that nothing is wanting to it but the stream. The latter is one of the largest mosques ever built. A perfect forest of 400 columns support the same number of cupolas. These pillars are, as in the Byzantine style, of moderate height, with heavy square capitals, and are placed at intervals of twenty-five feet. The arches rest immediately on the capitals, and have been placed one above the other in order to produce a little height. The whole effect resembles that of an exchange or market-place, rather than a church, and on the outside there are only four bare walls. When the Christians took possession of the building, they seemed to have been puzzled what to make of its strange and quite peculiar architecture. Fortunately they left everything as it was, only piercing the centre of the building, and placing a high, arched choir above the high altar. All that remains is richly ornamented in mosaic work, and, as we have already said, there were Arabic inscriptions everywhere, including the chapel of the Conquistadores, Cortes and his companions.

At Cordova we took the precaution of eating our mid-day meal at 9 a.m., in a house built in the Moorish style. Spanish meals consist of a variety of savoury dishes, principally consisting of partridges, which are very abundant, and of extremely bad wine. On the following afternoon we reached La Carolina, where, to our surprise, we found a road in good repair, bordered by trees. Vineyards and fruit-trees surround the houses, which are built in regular streets, and each separate habitation has its flower-garden. It was as if we had been suddenly transported into another country, for the inhabitants had fair hair, and open, square, German countenances. They are, in fact, a colony of Suabians who were established here in the reign of Charles III., in the last century, by Olivarez, the best of the Spanish ministers, with the view of peopling the Sierra Morrena. There is not one of them who understands a word of German, for our countrymen, wherever they go, are excellent settlers, and become peaceable subjects, diligent labourers, but cease to be German. They are French in Alsace, Russian in Courland, American on the Missis-

sippi, and Spaniards on the Sierra Morrena. Indeed, they are ashamed of their weak, divided country.

The heat of Andalusia was equalled by the cold we experienced as we went up the narrow and gloomy pass of Val di Penas on to the Castilian table-land. The whole of this country forms a single arable field, cultivated throughout, but without a tree or shrub, without hedges or ditches, without brooks, meadows, or gardens. There are a few villages and insignificant towns at long intervals, and their inhabitants must make a day's journey to visit their fields, and must encamp upon them at seed time and harvest. The road goes through a dreary plain, fatiguing to the eye. It is for this reason that Aranjuez has been so much praised for its beauty, which would have made little impression elsewhere. The Tagus at this place falls over a weir, making a really beautiful waterfall. Its banks, and the low country between them and the bare limestone hills, has been planted with elms and limes, which, however, are not very flourishing. The palace of Philip II. is a red-brick building, with a steep slated roof, in the Dutch style.

On the evening of the third day after leaving Seville, we crossed the Manzanares, which was almost dry. The hill on which Madrid stands was just opposite, and we soon reached the Prado, a beautiful promenade, with its four avenues of trees. It was lighted with many thousands of coloured lamps, and others of the same kind upon the houses marked out their architectural lines, which were in the Saracenic style. There were hangings from every window, often of silk, trimmed with gold or silver fringe. National dances in picturesque costume were being performed on platforms, and bands of music played the airs of *seguidilla*, the *bolero*, and the *fandango*. The streets were filled by a surging crowd, and I could not have seen Madrid for the first time at a more favourable moment. It was, in fact, the wedding-day of the young Queen, and of her sister the Infanta. There was, however, one bad consequence of the festival, for we could not obtain admission at any of the inns. I attached myself to the skirts of a young Frenchman, who spoke Spanish fluently, and was lucky enough to be received into a private house, a so-called *casa di pupillos*, of which the

owner surrendered his room and bed to the strangers for a heavy payment.

The following day was devoted to sight-seeing. Madrid gives the impression of a modern city. The streets are clean, and for the most part wide and straight. The whitewashed houses have many balconies, but are not very high. The picture-gallery, with its priceless Raphaels and Murillos, and the royal palace, are the two finest buildings. The latter is, indeed, one of the grandest in the world; it is on a height above the Manzanares, and has a view over the country to the mountains, but the surrounding district is bare and sun-scorched.

There was a great bull-fight that day, ; and at three o'clock in the afternoon we—the Frenchman and myself—betook ourselves to the circular arena; twelve thousand people were assembled there to witness the *corrida di toros.* As in the ancient theatres, there were twenty tiers of stone steps for seats, besides two rows of boxes, in the centre of which was the Queen's box. The perfectly open space within, the arena for the conflict, is divided from the spectators by a circular barrier of beams and stout

planks, seven feet high. A low step makes it possible for a man to swing himself over this barrier if he can escape the bull in no other way.

After some delay a door was opened, and the *alguazil* rode in—an official personage in ancient costume, who announced that the performance was about to begin. He was received with general hissing, ridicule, and jeers: why, I know not, but he seems to have expected such a fate, and was not discomposed by it. Just as the Romans used to scoff at their consuls in the circus, and to insult their emperors, the Spaniards are permitted a certain licence at their bull-fights. The *chulos* next entered the arena on foot, each with a coloured cloak on his arm, and followed by six mounted *picadores*. These wore the Spanish hat, and leathern jerkins which were plated with iron on the right side. Each of them carried a long lance, tipped with iron, only half an inch in length, and their high, padded saddles insured the firmness of their seats. The *matador*—Cuchiera by name—rode at their head, and was received with loud bursts of applause as a renowned and honoured hero of the arena.

This phalanx advanced towards the royal box, which was occupied by Queen Christina, and Munoz, Duke of Rianzares, and they knelt to salute the queen, which was followed by hooting from twelve thousand throats. The principal performer next entered, a powerful black bull, with sharp horns and glowing eyes. The animal had been kept in a stall of which the roof was pierced with holes, through which a flight of needles had been sent, making him tolerably ill-tempered before the fight began. As soon as the door of his prison was opened he darted into the arena, looked round with a wild, bewildered air, threw up the sand with his feet, and then made a rush at the nearest *picador*. The man stood motionless, and allowed the furious beast to run upon the point of his lance. The horse's right eye is blindfolded, so that he may not be scared by seeing the bull. The attack was, however, so headlong, and the rider sat so firmly in his saddle, that man and horse were raised together into the air, and then fell backwards. At the same moment the horse's body was so gored by the bull's sharp-pointed horns, that a stream of

blood gushed from his heart. The *picador* was just under the beast, and must have been killed, since his dress made it impossible for him to extricate himself, unless the *chulos*, with their gay-coloured mantles, had come to his aid. The bull at once left his prey to rush upon the men on foot, or rather on their coloured rags, and he pursued one of them all round the arena, until the man cleverly swung himself over the barrier, which quivered from the shock of the bull's attack. The animal stood still for a moment, as if stunned by the disappearance of his enemy.

Another *picador* then presented himself, only to share the fate of the former. Before the *chulos* could come to his assistance, the horse was again gored by the bull, and while writhing on the ground was raised on the creature's horns and carried half round the arena. The body of the third horse was torn completely open by the bull, and with trailing entrails the poor creature was urged with whip and spur to make a second attack on the furious animal. On each occasion the bull received a terrible lance wound in his left shoulder, and at last he desisted from any further attack.

The *banderillos* had next to appear on the scene—men on foot, who carry a dart, two feet long, in each hand. These are barbed, and furnished at the other end with small pennons, scraps of tinsel, squibs, and even with little bird-cages, out of which the birds escape, adorned with coloured ribbons. Thus armed, they went straight at the bull. At the moment when he made a stand they sprang sideways, and sent their darts between his ears and horns, into the nape of his neck. The creature now became perfectly furious and mad, and several times he drove the *banderillos* in troops over the barriers, for which they were loudly jeered. On one occasion the bull himself almost leaped the barrier, and they have been known to succeed in the attempt. One of the *chulos* was daring enough to wrap himself in the coloured cloak, so that the bull's attack might be immediately directed upon him. At the moment when the animal lowered his head and rushed blindly at him, the man leaped over him and stood close to him on the other side.

When the bull's fury was at its height, while his strength was beginning to fail, the *matador*

came against him quite alone. He was observed in profound silence, for this is by far the most dangerous moment of the combat. The *matador* was a handsome man, wearing shoes and white stockings, a bright blue silk jacket, his hair confined by a net, and he carried a short scarlet cloak in one hand, and a double-edged Toledo rapier, four feet long, in the other. This sword must pierce a clearly defined part of the animal's neck in order to kill him. In order to hit the exact spot it was necessary to be within two, or at the most three inches of the bull, which might therefore bear down upon the man. Everything depends on the animal making a rush at the red cloth rather than on the man who carries it, and on his pursuing his blind and headlong course. Exceptions sometimes occur, however, and in that case the *matador* is lost. The *caballero* advanced against his swarthy enemy with wary composure, and held out the cloth to him. Twice he allowed the creature to pass under his arm, and on the third occasion he plunged the sword into his neck up to the hilt. The bull rushed about for another minute, then began to

bleed at the mouth, staggered and fell. A kind of hangman slunk out from behind, and thrust a stiletto into the animal's neck, which died at once. Five mules next entered the arena, decked with gay trappings and bells, and dragged out the fallen horses at a gallop, and then the bull. Sand was strewn over the traces of blood, and a fresh bull-fight began.

Eight bulls were killed in this way, one after another. Twenty horses were left dead in the arena, and many others were led out frightfully wounded, one bull killing eight horses; but the men were not injured. It is true that the quality of the horses is such that they would be sent to the knackers to-morrow, if they were not killed by the bull to-day. Good horses are not employed, partly because they are very costly, partly because they cannot, even when blindfolded, be induced to await the attack of the bull without shying or bolting. The bull is greeted with the loudest applause in proportion to the horses he kills and the peril to which he exposes the men. One bull could not be incited to the attack, but ran tamely round the arena amid a volley of curses, until there was a general

outcry for *los perros*, the dogs. As soon as these were brought into the arena, they made a furious onset on the bull, which instantly gored one of them and tossed it high into the air. The others, however, seized him, one of them holding on to the bull's tongue with a firm gripe, and allowed itself to be whirled up and down. He would have been torn in pieces before relaxing his hold. Four dogs at last held down the great creature so firmly that he could not get away from them, and the *matador* finished him.

In the midst of this butchery the young Queen came in with the Infanta, Don Francisco, the Queen's husband, and the Duc de Montpensier. The Queen, who is fair and rather plump, looked cheerful. The Infanta is a short, very thin brunette. The Queen was received by the populace with great applause, and saluted by the *matador*, as her mother had been before. It was growing dusk by the time the eighth bull was killed, but there was a general cry for *un altro toro*, another bull, and the ninth was baited when it was almost dark, which exposed the *matador* to the utmost danger. Such

is the spectacle preferred by Spaniards to any other, in which the most refined women take part, and which was patronized by the newly married Infantas. As for me, one bull-fight was more than enough for me, as the description may also be for my readers.

On October 13th, we set out again in the diligence, which conveyed us through many miles of barren country, until at last we reached the narrow passes of Somma Sierra. Soon after this the leaders, refusing to face the frightful weather, bolted out of the road, and dragged the heavy vehicle into a field, where it sank up to the axles. If this had happened a few minutes sooner, we must have gone over the precipice. Great exertions were necessary to get the stranded diligence back into the road, and all the passengers had to lend a hand to prevent it from overturning.

The character of the country is altogether different in the Basque provinces, so long the seat of war, and everything testifies to the industrious activity of the inhabitants. There is a splendid view of the snow-peaks of the Pyrenees. The road is constantly going up and down hill,

at one time following the course of a stream, at another crossing into the next valley. The villages are well built, and the country reminded me of Switzerland, with its green meadows, rippling brooks, and refreshing woods. Several of the peasants' houses, as, for example, in Murcia, have immense coats of arms carved in stone, to show that their owners are of noble family. Bergara and Vittoria are fine cities, and the situation of Fuenterrabia on the Basque Sea, with the surf dashing high over the rocky chasms of the shore, is very fine. At last we reached the frontier of France, at Irun, on the Bidassoa.

What I saw of the Spanish people in the course of this hasty journey made a very favourable impression upon me. No one ever begged of me, for even the poorest man is too proud to do so. He remains grave and silent, with his cloak thrown picturesquely over his shoulder, despising the French mode of dress, and maintaining the old national costume which varies in every province. Even the meanest Spaniard expects to be treated with a certain consideration, but he will not refuse a cigar, if it is offered in

a friendly spirit. A German is received more cordially than men of any other nation. France has inflicted too much injury on their country, and Spaniards remember with pride the German rulers who reigned gloriously in Spain.

TEN years later, Count, or, as he had become, Baron von Moltke, became the aide-de-camp in personal attendance on H.R.H. Prince Frederic William, now Crown Prince of Prussia and of the German Empire, on his journey to London and Paris. Prince Frederic William had made a friendly visit to the English Royal family, of which, little more than two years later, the eldest daughter was to become his bride; and he returned by way of France, in order to visit the Imperial Court at Paris. His stay there is described in the following letters.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Pavillon Marsan, Les Tuileries, Paris,
December 13, 1856.

I WILL at all events make the attempt to retain and impart to you some of the impressions which follow each other in such quick succession.

We landed at Calais on Wednesday afternoon, in the most beautiful warm sunshine, and Count Bois le Comte, general of division, and the Préfet, M. de Tauley, were awaiting the Prince's arrival. Count Hatzfeld, General Schreckenstein, and Major von Barner had arrived the day before us. An hotel had been hired for us in the gloomy old town, which may have been a convent in the time of King Edward IV., and I was shown to my cell. After the formal visits of courtesy had been duly made and returned, a

dinner was served at six o'clock, which tasted all the better when I thought of the condition in which those who were crossing the Channel might be at the time. The sea was so rough the day before that the steam-packet had not started. The submarine telegraph announced that "His Royal Highness left Dover at eight o'clock." Two battalions were paraded on the mole, and "une escorte de cavalerie précédera l'équipage de Son Altesse Royale le Prince durant tout son séjour en France, à moins qu'elle ne donnera des ordres contraires." Such orders were not given, since the Prince only learned at Dover that a grand reception awaited him at Calais. A royal salute soon thundered from the walls, and the *Vivid* slowly passed up the harbour in the darkness. We sprang upstairs to the deck, and I was pleased to see his Highness, without any appearance of sea-sickness, with the simple and natural ease of a well-bred gentleman, quite able to say something friendly and appropriate, not only to the military men, but also to the clergy, the municipal authorities and others, who were presented to him.

The assembly did not disperse till midnight,

and as early as seven o'clock on Thursday morning we went by special train to Paris. In addition to the local authorities who accompanied us, the Imperial aide-de-camp, Count Toulongeon, was in the saloon carriage, and the *écuyer* Count Riancount, who, with M. Labedoyère, gentleman-in-waiting, had been commanded to attend upon the prince.

In Picardy *la belle France* is very uninteresting, and it was only enlivened by an excellent breakfast at Amiens. (You will remember that we slept at that place on our return from Boulogne, and visited the cathedral where S. Martin divided his cloak.)

As we approached Paris, the limestone rock became apparent, and we passed through the beautiful valley of the Oise. On the right rises the fine cathedral of Pontoise, built upon a steep rocky cliff, and in the distance we could see the heights of Montmartre, with its houses and windmills, and Mont Valérien, and on the right was St. Denis, with its splendid gothic church, which once contained the tombs of the kings of France, but there is now only a medley of royal bones, since during the

Revolution the ashes of S. Louis and Louis XIV. (whose sanctity began somewhat late in life), and of all the intervening kings, were thrown into a common grave. We then passed through the *enceinte* into the magnificent *gare du Nord.* Here the Prince was received by Prince Napoleon, whose resemblance to his great uncle is quite indescribable—he has the same black hair and sallow complexion, as well as the Imperial profile.

Two battalions were drawn up in the *embarcadère*, and there were the usual scarlet carpets, Imperial court equipages, and escort of outriders. The livery is green and gold, the harness rich and elegant, and the horses are extraordinarily fine, for the most part of English breed. The procession passed through Faubourg S. Martin, by the new and beautiful Boulevards of Strasbourg, Montmartre, Poissonnière, (past our old hotel, Rougemont), and then by the Boulevard des Italiens, Rue de la Paix and Rue de Rivoli, into the Tuileries. The sentinels made an Imperial saluté as we passed through the triumphal arch on the Place du Carrousel. The Prince was received at the

bottom of the great staircase by the Emperor, who at once conducted him to the Empress. Since this had been set down in the printed programme, and there was no time to change our toilettes on the way, we had put on our court uniforms and orders some hours before. We had ample opportunity of seeing and being seen in the course of our drive, which took place just at the time when all Paris is out of doors.

The Emperor wore the uniform of a French marshal, and the Order of the Black Eagle. The Empress was simply and elegantly dressed, in a high, dark green dress, trimmed with black. Presentations were made immediately after our reception, but in an informal way, and then the Emperor accompanied the Prince out of the hall of the central pavilion (de l'Horloge), through the long suite of state rooms and galleries, into his apartment on the ground floor of Pavillon Marsan, at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, and of the great *place*, which extends to the Arc de Triomphe. Here we found Herr von Rosenberg, the two Reuss Princes—Major von Treskow, von Romberg; in short, all the Prussians who

are now in Paris. Soon afterwards the Prince paid a visit to Prince Jerome and Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, and then to Princess Mathilde (Demidoff.) The former King of Westphalia, who is still very vigorous, in spite of his great age, returned the visit almost immediately, and Prince Murat was also announced.

Dinner was served to the members of the Court about seven o'clock, and the party included Cambacères, Rollin, Bassano, Bacciochi, Tascher, and Princess d'Esslingen, names which recall the first Empire. Among the court-ladies were Madame de Marnézia, whom I took in to dinner, Madame Lourmel, widow of the gallant general who fell before Sebastopol, Madame Labedoyère, who had acquired excellent German in Berlin, and Madame Reinwald, all of whom were very amiable and entertaining. The Prince, who took in the Empress, sat between her and the Emperor, and I was opposite.

The well-known portraits of the Emperor and Empress are very like, but leave something to be supplied by an eye-witness. I had imagined Louis Napoleon to be taller. He looks well on horseback, but appears smaller when he is walking.

I was struck by a certain immovability of feature, and by what I might almost call a glassy appearance in his eyes. His countenance is pervaded by a friendly and even good-natured smile, which is not at all Napoleonic. He usually sits very still, with his head slightly inclined to one side, and it is possible that this repose, which does not forsake him, even in the most dangerous crises, has impressed the restless Frenchmen. Circumstances have shown that this repose is not apathy, but that it is due to his superior mind and resolute will. His bearing in society is not outwardly impressive, and there is a certain constraint in his conversation. He is an emperor, not a king.

The appearance of the Empress Eugenie is charming, from her beauty and elegance. I was struck with her resemblance to Frau von B——, although she is a brunette. Her neck and arms are incomparably beautiful, her figure slim, her toilette elaborate, rich, and elegant, without being at all excessive. Her dress was of white satin, and its circumference was so great that the number of yards which ladies will require in future for a dress must be considerably increased.

The Empress wore a scarlet head-dress in her hair, and two rows of magnificent pearls round her neck. She talks much and eagerly, showing greater animation than is usual in one of such high rank.

We dined in the Diana Gallery, which has been made into two rooms. The service was of frosted silver, beautifully chased, and the *cuisine* was excellent, consisting of elaborate dishes, not too many in number. The dishes were handed round by the attendants, who said what they were; and this is somewhat inconvenient, since there is a continual interruption of the conversation, to express a preference for turbot or whiting. The wine is choice; champagne is the chief dinner wine, and is handed round all through the meal, together with Bordeaux, Sauterne, hock, sherry, and Malvoisie.

It was not till dinner was over that we foreigners had any conversation with the great personages. The Empress spoke with great ease and cordiality, and has the art of putting people at their ease. She and Countess Hatzfeld were the only ones to sit down; the Emperor, the Prince, and consequently the

other guests, remained standing until eleven o'clock. The gentleman-in-waiting took care that the gentlemen should pass in turn before her Majesty's seat. At the English Court, things were more comfortably arranged, and I, at all events, rejoiced when tea was served, since we retired immediately afterwards.

I had a whole suite of rooms in the Pavillon Marsan, looking on the Rue de Rivoli, which were formerly occupied by the Duke of Orleans. There were heavy red damask hangings and window curtains, beautiful candelabras against the walls, ottomans, gilded armchairs, enormous mirrors, beautiful paintings (by Poitevin). You can imagine it all, since it is more or less the same in every palace. But there was nothing really comfortable, as in my little turret room at Windsor. A dozen lamps were burning, but I had to light a candle in order to fetch anything. The most habitable part of the room is the window recess, seven feet in depth, in which the writing-table stands, only there, again, it is difficult to keep warm, although immense fires are blazing up every chimney. You can have no conception of the draught in

the Tuileries. The variations of temperature in these enormous rooms often causes a regular whirlwind in the doorways which connect them.

I was much fatigued by all I had seen through the day, and soon betook myself to my large and excellent canopied bed, but it was long before I could go to sleep. At one moment the fall of a log on the hearth sent up a bright sparkling flame, and at another there was a whirring in one of the old-fashioned chimney clocks, as if to remind me that under this roof the times change more quickly than elsewhere. There was something strange even in the wonderful stillness in the heart of the bustling city, which is partly due to the fact that these rooms are somewhat withdrawn from the street-pavement. The heavy hangings and thick carpets also muffle every sound, and the doors move noiselessly on their hinges, so that I did not hear the chamberlain enter, who was sent from the Louvre by Louis XIV., to inquire the cause for which he was honoured by my visit to his palace. I looked for the Marquis of Gervinus's history to show how many changes had taken place since the *ancien régime*, so that I

was not bound to hold any intercourse with him. The chamberlain haughtily shrugged his shoulders, and left me to pursue my own reflections, which lasted until I awoke on the following morning.

By a very convenient arrangement, the Imperial family do not expect to see the Prince until seven o'clock in the evening, so that the whole day is at our own disposal. As early as nine o'clock, when the Paris sun has scarcely risen, we were in motion, either incognito in *voitures de place*, or officially in the Imperial equipages, as circumstances might demand.

II.

Our first excursion was made in the former manner, on Friday, when we drove through the boulevards to the new Napoleon barracks, and to the Hôtel de Ville. The beauty and elegance of the barracks on the outside is only equalled by their squalor within, while the Hôtel de Ville is a grander and more magnificent palace than is inhabited by many kings. The Prefect of the Seine, who received the Prince (for the programme of the excursion is all arranged beforehand), holds his court here, and represents the good city of Paris. With a budget of, I believe, eighteen million francs, it is possible to give a few fêtes and banquets. The court of this splendid building is particularly fine, with its imposing open staircase, covered by an immense

glass roof, and thus forming a hall on the largest and grandest scale, in which ten thousand guests might move with ease. The floor was carpeted, and innumerable gas-jets lighted up the pillars and statues of the building.

This town-hall and the adjoining barrack constitute a good stronghold at the precise spot where two wide and almost straight streets will shortly intersect the fairest and most busy quarter of Paris at right angles. It is not only a matter of surprise that Louis Napoleon should have created, but also that he should have destroyed so much. A number of winding alleys and blocks of houses have been cleared away, which occupied the area of Breslau or Magdeburg. The space thus obtained has been lined with palaces built of hewn stone, and behind these are many houses still unfinished, which look like the internal arrangements on a ground plan, and reveal the secrets of their chambers, kitchens and staircases. There are also waste places and heaps of rubbish, as if after a bombardment. These, however, must soon disappear, since space is in such request, and house room is much needed.

The Rue de Rivoli will soon be lengthened until it commands a view of the Column of July in the Place de la Bastille, to which it is proposed to extend this magnificent street. Many fine old buildings, which were overlooked in the medley of narrow streets, are now brought to light, as for example the beautiful old tower of S. Jacques, which now stands free. The cost of all these alterations can only be ascertained from the municipal accounts. Since the new palaces crowd out the dwelling-houses, it has been necessary to provide for the poorer classes elsewhere, and undoubtedly this has been done by the Emperor on a large scale. The labouring class has been relegated to the suburbs, and it is easy to understand how far this must affect a vigorous administration of public order and security.

After breakfast in the Prince's apartment, which consisted of a complete and excellent dinner for twelve people, we went to see the cathedral of Notre Dame and the Jardin des Plantes with the collections it comprises. I was most delighted with the fine cedar, one hundred and twenty years old, which you must

remember. I heard that it was brought from England as a small plant in a flower-pot. There are now many fine specimens of the cedars of Lebanon in the neighbourhood.

In the evening there was quite a small dinner with the Emperor, for the party did not exceed twenty. A tedious ballet in three acts, *Les Elfes*, was then performed at the great Opera-house, which went on till midnight. The house holds 2000 people, but it is not to be compared with our opera-house in taste and splendour. The Court occupies an inconspicuous stage box on the left, and there is no great State-box in the centre. The Emperor was received with cries of "Vive l'Empereur." The Prince sat between him and the Empress, and there were only the ladies-in-waiting and General Niel in the back row, while we were shown into another small box. I observed that well-bred people never applaud the performance, and that this is only done by about a hundred people in the pit, who form the *claque*. It was amusing to go behind the scenes into the room in which the ballet dancers practise their pirouettes before a great mirror. The decorations are remarkably good, and the scene-

painting excellent, so that I might suppose myself to be looking at a charming landscape. I did not, however, think either the costumes or the lighting particularly fine.

III.

On Saturday we went to see the exhibition of pictures in the Gallery of the Louvre, which runs parallel to the Seine for 800 feet. The connection of this gallery with the Louvre was projected by Napoleon I., and it has been carried out by Napoleon III. on the side of the Rue de Rivoli. You may remember the row of half-built houses which intervened, and which have now been swept away, to be replaced by five magnificent pavilions, and the immensely long façade of the gallery.

At one o'clock there was a parade in the palace quadrangle of twenty-two battalions, consisting of 15,000 men. The Emperor rode along the front line with the Prince. There were the Marshals Vaillant, Magnan, Pelissier (Duc de

Malakoff), Canrobert, Baraguay d'Hilliers, etc. A distribution of Orders followed. Those who were to receive the distinction were called in front of the whole parade, and the Emperor himself handed to each man his decoration, while giving him a friendly pressure of the hand. The march past followed in divisions of fifty files. The weapon was carried after the old fashion on the left arm, but very carelessly, and they hardly kept step, which is here thought to be of no consequence, although our officers would have sent them all back to drill. As the divisions approached the Emperor, they cried, more or less together, "Vive l'Empereur," and some of them added, "Vive l'Imperatrice." The Empress, in spite of the rain, remained until the parade was over in the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. The Emperor, who had the Prince on his right hand, made no acknowledgment of the applause, and I wonder that he does not desire that it should be discontinued.

When the parade was nearly over, the Imperial infant returned from his airing. His Imperial Highness, now eight months old, was kept at the windows of his ground floor apart-

ment to look at the troops, and we rode up to them with the Emperor, whose face beamed with pleasure; and it is true that he is a fine little fellow.

In the afternoon we went to the Hôtel des Invalides, which contains 3000 old soldiers. Those who were wounded in the Crimean campaign are, however, nearly all sent to their own homes with an allowance of six hundred francs. We went to see the site of Napoleon's tomb, which is to be placed under the lofty cupola of the dome. This mausoleum is undoubtedly worthy of the great commander, since it is on an immense scale. A broad marble balustrade encloses the colossal sarcophagus, which is of porphyry, and still stands empty. The emperor's coffin, of which the outer case is of ebony, is in the mean time to be seen in one of the beautiful side chapels. The whole scheme emanated from the Orleans dynasty, or rather from M. Thiers. "L'empereur n'aime pas déposer son oncle ici, il le veut à St. Denis, comme chef de la dynastie future," and this is very intelligible. But he would not find such a spacious shrine at St. Denis.

In the evening we dined with a small party at the Emperor's table, and afterwards went to the Théâtre du Gymnase. This morning we have seen at the Louvre the great and striking picture by Müller, representing a prison in the Reign of Terror. The next victims to the guillotine are being brought out. This evening we saw a piece of which the subject refers to the same period, in which a woman saves her husband, and the republicans, as might be expected, are made to play a sorry part. The house was very full, and is remarkably ugly and inconvenient. The royalties occupied a very small side-box.

IV.

EARLY on Sunday we visited the Palais de Justice on the Isle de Paris, of which the ground floor served as a prison for Marie Antoinette, and it is indeed a close and gloomy dungeon. These vaults are what remains of the old palace in which the kings of France lived during the time when the Normans ravaged the country. The Sainte Chapelle is another relic of that time —a beautiful building in which S. Louis performed his devotions, and where a case containing his heart has been found. The chapel has been restored to its former splendour with much embellishment of colour and gilding.

We next saw the Hôtel Clugny, a building in which I was particularly interested. There are plenty of churches, town halls, and fortified

castles of the middle ages, but dwelling-houses peculiar to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are rare, especially in Germany, since great expense and durable materials were seldom used in building private houses. Much has perished from the lapse of time, and much more has been sacrificed or changed in compliance with the petty requirements of our age. In Germany, and especially in the Hanseatic cities, Dantzig, Lubeck, Lüneburg, and even in Nuremberg and Augsburg, such old houses as remain bear the stamp of the burgher class: they are, for the most part, tall, gabled houses, in which the lowest storey consisted of great warehouses for goods, with state rooms above, and the living rooms, properly so called, were for the most part small and close together. Here, however, not far from the Sorbonne, we find the dwelling-house of a *grand seigneur* in the time of Francis I., and the house, which was well preserved, has been carefully restored. It was built, as my guide informed me, by Jean de Bourbon, Abbot of Clugny, in 1480. It is a spacious, two-storeyed building, with several court-yards, and fine turret-staircases. The rooms go right through the

house, and have windows at either end. These are inserted deeply in the thick walls, are divided by stone mullions, and glazed with leaded panes. There is throughout an air of comfort and wealth. The Hôtel Clugny afterwards became a cloister for nuns: Marat inhabited it during the Revolution. It is now the property of the State, and contains a collection of the most interesting antiquities and art treasures.

The *Place* itself is also remarkable as the site of the palace in which the Roman Prefects of Gaul and the earliest French kings resided, until S. Louis built the palace of which the vaults constituted the Conciergerie of the Palais de Justice, of which we have just spoken. From one of the courts of the Hôtel Clugny we stepped immediately into the *frigidarium* of a Roman bath, and we could imagine ourselves transported to Rome. A lofty and wide vaulted hall rests upon walls of enormous thickness, consisting of layers of flat brick and hewn stone, and filled with pieces of Roman sculpture, and some of a still earlier date, for here the Druid worship was celebrated, when morasses and forest still surrounded the islands of the Seine.

At noon we went to the Protestant Church, where M. Valette included the Prince and his illustrious family in his public prayer, as the protectors of the true evangelical faith.

In the afternoon we took a very interesting drive in one of the Imperial carriages. We first visited the Chapelle Saint Ferdinand, erected on the spot, in the Rue de la Révolte, where the unfortunate Duke of Orleans jumped out of the carriage, which was stopped almost immediately afterwards. The world's history might have taken a different course, if he had kept his place. We went next to the Bois de Boulogne, in which the trees are much poorer than in the Thiergarten at Berlin, but the Emperor Napoleon has understood how to turn all this thicket to account. The good roads, open lawns, a regular lake, and a beautiful waterfall are all his creations. The waterfall especially is of surprising beauty and magnificence. Quite a mountain of limestone has been thrown together, and one of the natural caves which so often occur in this formation has been reproduced by art with great skill. A river rushes out of this dark cave, and then flows through a charm-

ing open country, which is surrounded by wooded hills, at the foot of which St. Cloud and Sèvres are so picturesquely situated.

We visited the favourite summer-house of the Imperial family, and admired the luxury and good taste of its details, and the wonderful view from the windows and terrace. Light carriages, drawn by four horses, were waiting to convey us at a rapid pace, often at a gallop, through the park and across the hills. We then returned to the Tuileries through the Bois de Boulogne, which was thronged with carriages, riders, and foot-passengers.

In the evening the Emperor gave a dinner to a party of eighty. All the marshals were invited, and only Lord Cowley and Count Hatzfeld of the diplomatic corps. The seats of honour were reserved for us, and I had a good place between Madame Bruat (the admiral's widow, and governess to the Prince Imperial) and Madame Walewski. The gentlemen all wore black coats, *pantalons collants*, and Orders across the waistcoat.

V.

On Monday the Prince went with the Emperor to Fontainebleau for pheasant-shooting. I made use of my liberty to *flâner* about Paris. The Empress gave a very small party in the evening. Mesmerism became the subject of conversation, and the gentleman-in-waiting, M. B——, was mesmerized by a physician who was present. He either played his part well, or was really in a mesmeric sleep. He was thrown into a sweat, and also shed tears. "Vous souffrez?" "Oui." "Où donc?" "Au cœur." "Vous ne dormez pas bien ici?" "Non." "Où voudriez vous être?" "Ah, ne posez pas cette question là," said the Empress, interposing; "il dit quelquefois des bêtises."

VI.

On Tuesday there was a grand day's hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau, for which we started from the Tuileries at ten o'clock. General Schreckenstein and I had the honour of driving to the station in the Empress's carriage. Her Majesty wore a plain, round hat, and a grey paletot over her habit. We followed the new Rue de Rivoli as far as the Place de la Bastille, and went thence to the Gare de Lyon, where a special train was waiting for us. The municipal guard was posted at the station to keep off the crowd, which cried "Vive l'Imperatrice!" In the Empress's saloon-carriage were Countess Hatzfeld, Mesdames Walewsky, de Contades, (*née* Castellane) and St. Pierre, General Rollin, a few other gentlemen, and myself. There had

been quite a sharp frost in the night, followed by a bright, sunny day, and the country was looking beautiful. The line passes through the valley of the Seine, of which the course is very winding and picturesque. At Melun, of which the situation is charming, we crossed the river by a fine bridge, and soon afterwards we entered the undulating forest ground surrounding the old town of Fontainebleau, which is historically so interesting.

The officers of the regiment of dragoons quartered at Fontainebleau served as an escort through the well-built town, and up to the great open staircase in the Cour du Cheval Blanc, where her Majesty was received by the Emperor and Prince Frederick William. We sat down to a slight and hasty breakfast, and I had just time to run through the magnificent gallery of Francis I., and Henry II.'s *salle*, and to give a glance at the spacious court-yards, which are enclosed by buildings of the most various styles, introduced by the several rulers of France since the time of S. Louis, while the history of Napoleon is also associated with these walls. Their complete restoration was undertaken by Louis

Philippe. The number of pavilions is also very characteristic, with their high, steep roofs, truncated at the top, as you may remember to have seen them at the Tuileries, and at Château d'Eu. The immense pile is surrounded by gardens, adorned with fountains, shrubberies, and lawns, and beyond this again it is enclosed in the great forest.

A considerable number of carriages, drawn by six horses, conveyed the whole party to the rendezvous, which was two miles and a quarter, where we found the horses and hounds. Those who did not wish to ride might follow the hunt, as far as the roads permitted, in the carriages. The way to the rendezvous led at first over a sandy plain, partly through a thick fir wood, partly through old oaks and young birchwood. But it soon led up a tolerably steep ascent, and we found ourselves on rocky ground, intersected with deep ravines. The great masses of lime-stone were in many places so close together that there was scarcely room for vegetation between them, and steep, narrow ways led down into the valleys. Then, again, there were great glades, with diverging roads through them,

in which the sandy soil enabled the carriages to go at a rapid pace. It was clearly necessary to sit still, and not to attempt to alight.

We found from fifty to sixty horses at the rendezvous, almost all of the purest English breed, and their beauty and fine action left nothing to be desired. I believe the Emperor's stud to be the best in the world; at any rate, that of the English Court cannot be compared with it. It seems strange that the horses should all be clipped in winter, as in Italy; or rather, the hair is all singed off with the help of a spirit-lamp. On this account a sort of mouse colour is predominant, but the horses do not sweat so readily; in the stable, however, they must be carefully clothed.

I had not yet seen stag-hunting. The dogs are somewhat larger, but of the same breed as our own. I had been told that the pace was very sharp, and that the run seldom lasted less than an hour; and in such company, and in an unfamiliar country, it was by no means a matter of indifference to me, that my horse should be well under control. I hastened to mount, and rode down one of the paths to try him, returning quite

at my ease, for anyone might go out hunting on such a horse.

When all who wished to follow the run on horseback were in the saddle, we rode to a spot a quarter of a mile off, where the stag had been tracked. The dogs were put upon the scent, the bugles sounded, and away we went down a long, steep path, with the wind whistling through our hair.

The appearance of the field was magnificent. The French gentlemen all wore the Court hunting costume, a small three-cornered hat and ostrich plume, green coats, with red velvet collars and cuffs, and the seams all trimmed with gold and silver lace, *couteaux de chasse*, white breeches and top-boots. The Emperor also wore the Star of the Order of the Black Eagle. It was a pity that we Prussians had not brought our scarlet hunting coats with us, for we made a rather humble appearance in our ordinary black coats. The Prince, however, was well equipped for riding, and made a stately appearance on a magnificent English chesnut. The only ladies who rode were the Empress, Madame de Contades, and Madame de St.

Pierre, all in the three-cornered plumed hat and green hunting uniform, with the necessary modifications.

The Empress led the whole field at the sharpest pace; she has an easy and elegant seat on horseback, and looks extremely well. Madame de Contades rides almost too well. She coquetted with the liveliness of her brown horse, which went along in a succession of rushes, and anyone else would have found it difficult to remain in the saddle.

Since it was impossible to follow the dogs through the thick cover, it was necessary to select that path which would lead back again to the chase. To do this, we had often to make sharp turns, and then pause again. The stag was presently cunning enough to take refuge in the rocky ground, which was only to be reached by one very steep footpath. This afforded us a beautiful picture. The sun shone brightly, the country was wild and picturesque, but no long pause could be made, since a quicker pace was required, in order that we might again hit upon the chase in the nearest forest road. Mounted as we were, this was soon done, and

it was a relief to give free course to our spirited horses, since they pulled a good deal.

A stag does not run like our wild boars, and it was for this reason that we had so often to go out of our way. The run had lasted for fifty-five minutes, when the Empress and her ladies stopped short, and allowed us to pass her. We had almost come back to the point from which we started. The dogs seemed to have hit on a false scent, and we came back again to the rocky ravine, and then to thick brushwood and bog. Soon afterwards the scattered pack was collected again, and we sprang from our horses to scramble over rocks and morass into the hollow from which the cry "Hallali!" came. The stag, already killed, had to be dragged out of the water. The run had lasted just two hours and a half. All the Prussians in the field were present at the *curée* (when the body of the deer is torn to pieces by the dogs), the Prince, the two Reuss princes, Barner, Romberg, and I. I was also lucky enough to recover the Emperor's hat for him, which was caught by an elder-bush as he was turning a corner.

Just as we were about to scramble back to

our horses, we heard that the Empress was coming. The courageous ladies had actually succeeded in crossing the bogs and masses of rock, to reach the scene of the *hallali*, a high, open plateau, like a stony desert. The wind was quite sharp, and since my feet were wet I was glad to be again in motion. A change in horses caused some delay, but my new steed was as good as the first, and after a delightful gallop I caught up the rest of the party before they reached the rendèzvous. There I found great-coat and plaid, and the old palace, which has sheltered so many hunting parties, soon shone through the clumps of trees in the evening light. We warmed ourselves at the huge open fires, and after an acceptable hunting dinner, we returned to Paris. We took supper in the Prince's apartment, and in the evening I went to the little theatre in the Palais Royal.

VII.

To-day, Wednesday, we have been to see the sculpture at the Louvre. The famous Venus of Milo (although her arms are broken off) almost throws the other art treasures collected here into the shade. I was interested to find in one of the rooms a great chimney-piece in stucco, of the same design as one I saw carved in wood at Bruges. From the Louvre we went to the Gobelins' manufactory, where the most wonderful things are made. They are now weaving portraits of famous Frenchmen, which are to be exhibited in the Louvre, and which looked like the most delicate crayon drawings. It takes the artist a year to execute such a portrait.

At one o'clock the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the Guards were paraded in the court-

yard of the Tuileries. The march-past took place in the Place du Carrousel.

After an excellent dinner at Count Hatzfeld's, we went to the Opera and saw the two last acts of "La Favorita" by Donizetti. Roger and Madame Borghi-Mamo sang.

VIII.

On Thursday, at half-past nine o'clock, we set out for St. Denis in two four-horse carriages, with postilions, who were dressed in the Imperial livery, green and gold, with three-cornered hats and powdered wigs. They rode with post-horns and cracking whips; there were bells on the harness, an outrider to each carriage, and two men riding behind. The coachmen had a kind of leathern apron made of goat-skin, with the hair outside. We went at a sharp trot through the Place Vendôme, the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Chaussée d'Antin, and by the Barrière de Clichy. It was very cold and foggy, and we could see nothing of the country. I need not speak of the beautiful cathedral, which you must well remember. After lunch the Prince went to

Vincennes, but it rained without stopping. In the evening the Empress gave a great ball.

The company assembled at ten o'clock, the gentlemen of the Court in dress coats, and some of the guests in uniform. The Empress wore a very simple and elegant dress of the finest white muslin, with flounces, and a large crinoline; her head-dress was a veil of green and silver tissue, and she wore a necklace and zone of large diamonds.

The spacious and splendid salon in the Pavillon de l'Horloge was so arranged, that in addition to the gallery which runs round the walls, there were two rows of seats, covered with red velvet, which encircled the space set apart for dancing. The ladies were all seated, and only a very few couples danced. The Prince opened the ball with the Empress in a country dance, and the Emperor danced with his cousin, Princess Mathilde, with whom the Prince afterwards waltzed, and the Empress with Prince Napoleon.

It was difficult to move about, although only about five hundred people were invited, since

every one crowded into the one room. Supper was laid on small tables in the theatre. In other respects the arrangements resembled those of any other ball.

IX.

On Friday morning, at half-past nine, we drove through St. Cloud to Versailles. This palace is said to have cost £45,000,000 but Louis XIV. outlived his own greatness and that of France, and none of his successors were able to occupy the huge palace with the same state and magnificence. In one of the many rooms, there are pictures of the popular Assemblies of the State, as they were held at different periods, the one which was convened at Rouen by Francis I., by Henry IV. at Notre Dame, and finally that of the Notables at Versailles by Louis XVI., which was the beginning of the end. It was from this place that the king and the unhappy Marie Antoinette were taken to the Conciergerie.

Napoleon thought of re-occupying Versailles,

but it would have cost fifty million francs to make it habitable. It was Louis Philippe who actually restored the palace, but it was impossible for the citizen-king to re-establish the court of Louis XIV. Versailles was therefore devoted "à toutes les gloires de la France," and this continues to be its destiny under Louis Napoleon. The rooms which accommodated 3000 attendants of the Court, and the stalls for 1000 horses, are occupied by two regiments of cuirassiers; the palace itself is a museum for pictures and sculpture, representing all the great crises and events of French history. There are, as a matter of course, many indifferent paintings, which owe their place only to the subject to which they refer, but there are also the master-pieces of David and Vernet. The attack on Abd-el-Kadr's camp is one of the most famous, a picture about eighty feet long, and consisting of a series of most interesting groups. We went to Le Petit Trianon, where we had an excellent luncheon, of which I will only mention the most important dishes, *dindon truffé*, *pâté de foie gras*, lobsters, pheasants, and choice fruit.

We next visited the military school of St. Cyr,

which was originally a *pension* for young ladies, and now contains seven hundred cadets, who go through a two years' course before becoming officers in the infantry and cavalry. The establishment is on a large scale, and provided with four hundred riding horses, collections of natural history, models, etc. It was not remarkably clean, and the pupils, as in barracks, go down to the lower corridor to wash in a common lavatory; the stables were kept with greater regard to cleanliness. There was a battalion at drill, and I observed that the French value precision in shouldering arms and keeping step when it is attainable, although it is wholly neglected on parade. We are not accustomed to see the muskets so knocked about, and a fine clatter is rather bad for the weapon. The French musket is strongly made, and rather thick, but carefully turned out, and easy to hold. Not much attention is paid here to accurate aim, nor is it expected in the field, and rifles are only given to the Chasseurs d'Afrique and the Garde-Infanterie. Experiments are now being made by a commission with the Minié rifle, which has not yet been introduced, nor are people agreed

as to its effects. Such a delicate instrument as our percussion rifles could not be put into the hands of the French infantry, since they require the excessive care and consideration which we bestow on our arms and on the men who carry them.

We drove to Le Grand Trianon, saw the gilded coronation coach, and then visited Marie Antoinette's farm, of which the situation is charming, and in the evening we returned to Paris. I sat near the Emperor at dinner, who in the course of conversation asked about Sans Souci and its arrangements. We afterwards went to the tedious ballet "Le Corsaire."

X.

Les Tuileries, 21st December.

You must have wondered in what way the leaves of my Journal reached you. I did not wish to send anything by post, although I have written nothing to which objection could be made. We have been received in the most friendly way, and I have been able from a sincere conviction to speak almost exclusively in terms of praise and appreciation; yet you may, notwithstanding, find something to read between the lines. The present state of things is abnormal, and it is hard to see what improvement can take place in existing circumstances. No one can be his own successor, and the foundations of a new dynasty differ widely from those of a kingdom which is inherited by a series of legitimate successors. In the latter case a man has only to keep to the

old lines, while in the former he must make a way for himself, and infinitely greater claims are made upon the personal characteristics of the ruler.

Napoleon III. has none of the gloomy earnestness of his great uncle; he has not the same Imperial bearing nor the manner adopted by the first Napoleon to impose upon others. He is rather small, of simple manners, and his countenance, always in repose, gives the decided impression of genial benevolence. Those who live with him say: "Il ne se fâche jamais, il est toujours poli et bon envers nous, ce n'est que la bonté de son cœur et sa confiance qui pourront lui devenir dangereuses." It necessarily follows that at this moment the power is in the hands of a clique, and that the Emperor is not even able to gather round him the most important members of his party. Louis Napoleon can make no use of men of independent character, since the whole direction of State affairs must remain concentrated in his own hands. In a normal state of things there ought to be more individual liberty: as things are now, France is subject to a vigorous, despotic rule, which is perhaps

better suited to the French character. Liberty of the press is at this time as impossible in France as in an army on active service which should propose to discuss the measures of the general in command. Louis Napoleon has evinced prudence, daring, firmness, and self-confidence, and at the same time moderation and gentleness, all veiled by outward composure of manner. It is only in the saddle that he looks like an emperor. Simple in his personal habits, he does not forget that Frenchmen like to see their sovereign surrounded by a splendid Court; and even when the Prince Imperial goes out for an airing, it is with an escort of four armed and mounted outriders, with a squadron of dragoons before and behind the four-horse carriage, and the sentinels present arms to the Imperial infant, which is only eight months old.

XI.

Carlsruhe, December 23.

At the Emperor's pressing invitation, the Prince remained another day in Paris. In the morning we visited the models and the valuable arsenal of the artillery depôt. I afterwards distributed numerous snuff-boxes, and handed over to General Rollin twelve thousand francs for the attendants.

In the evening the Emperor gave a great dinner, after which we took leave. We started at eleven from the fine new station, the Gare de Strasbourg. The Imperial saloon carriages are so arranged as to include every comfort, and I did not wake till we reached Saverne, after which the line through the Vosges is very beautiful. It was melancholy to find ourselves among a German-speaking people, who are, notwithstand-

ing, good Frenchmen. We left them in the lurch! At nine o'clock we saw the minster, but we did not stay in Strasbourg, at which any formal reception had been declined, and we went on by special train from Kehl to Carlsruhe, where we arrived on the 23rd.

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